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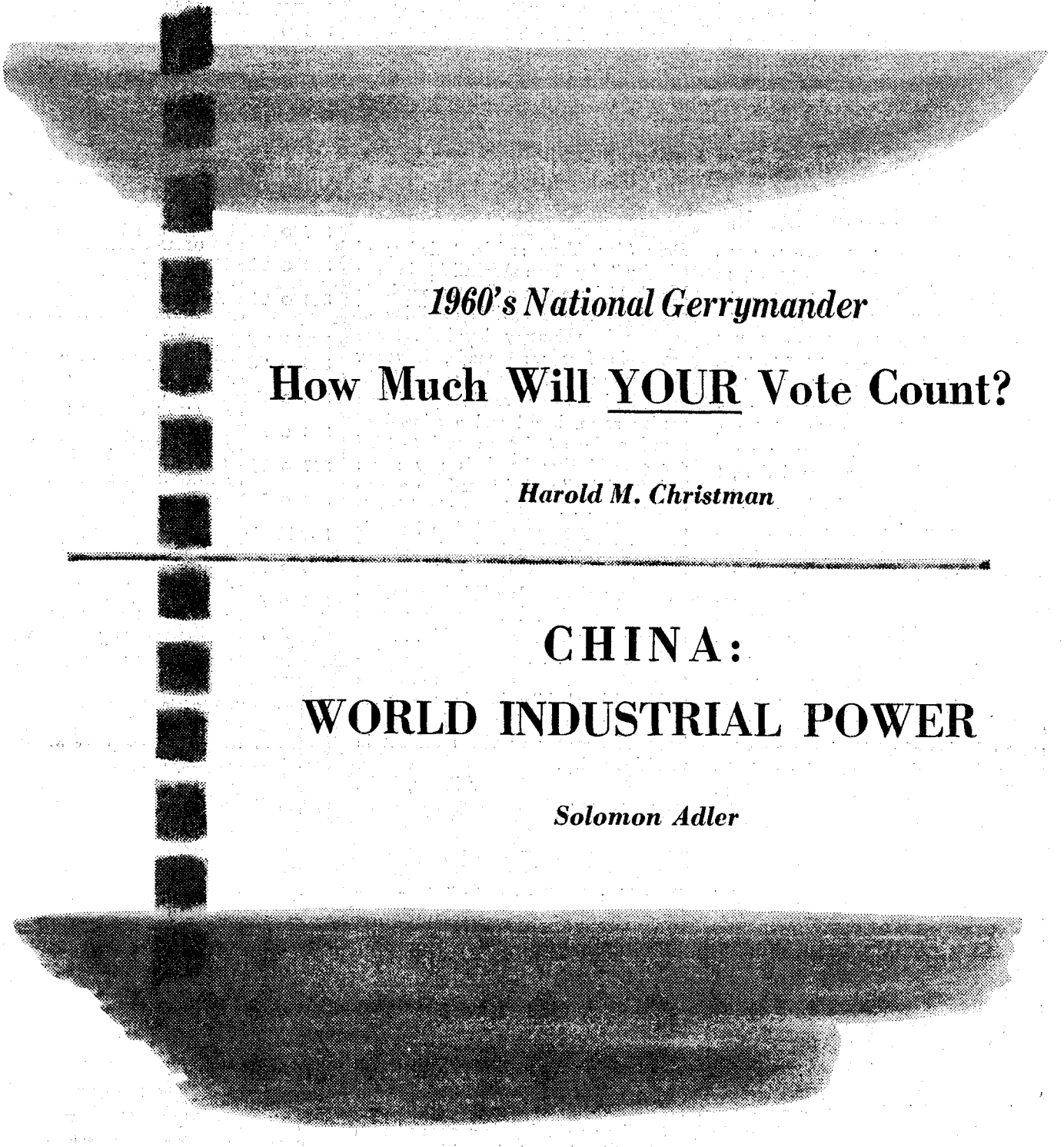

1960's National Gerrymander

How Much Will YOUR Vote Count?

Harold M. Christman

CHINA:
WORLD INDUSTRIAL POWER

Solomon Adler

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LETTERS

The Nixon 'Mythology'

Dear Sirs: Is Fred Collins really serious? Does he really mean what he says when he reports in *The Nation* (April 4, 1959) that Vice President Nixon traveled "thousands of miles to be stoned in order to gain popularity"?

A heck of a way to gain popularity. From all accounts, he — and Mrs. Nixon — could have been killed by the Red-inflamed mobs in such places as Caracas.

An interesting sidelight on the continuing development of the liberal mythology on Dick Nixon.

VICTOR LASKY

New York City

Judge or Advocate?

Dear Sirs: Bernard Schwartz's "The Incurious Inquirers," in your March 14 issue, is a refreshing reminder that the capacity for indignation still exists. The flame of his indignation briefly rekindled the embers of my own, which I had begun to fear had become dead ashes since the time that I, myself, served as a Federal Communications Commissioner. For this I am grateful. However, upon reading the article for a second time, I found myself confused. . . .

I thought I could join in Mr. Schwartz's indignation against unworthy commissioners if he had only been shouting, "Throw the rascals out." But, instead, he was shouting, "Make the rascals judicial." . . . Mr. Schwartz did not originate the concept of commissions as "quasi-judicial" bodies. It has been around for quite a while. I have always suspected it came from some industry subject to regulation, for it's one of the most effective of all barriers set up between the regulatory agencies and the public interest they are supposed to promote and protect.

Regulatory agencies are not and never were intended to be courts. By the very nature of the job they were set up to do, they are partisan. The "public" needs not a judge, but an advocate, and when a commissioner dons the judicial robes, the inevitable result is a judgment by default against the public. An advocate can and should be fair and there is always a judge to call him down when he steps out of line, but when he begins to act like a judge, God help his client.

If the "public interest, convenience and necessity" are to be served merely as a by-product of the adjudication of conflicting claims by competing applicants, they will be served in a most meager way, and in time, not at all. The public needs a champion in the fight and not a judge on the Olympian heights above it.

CLIFFORD J. DURR

Montgomery, Ala.

A Classic Review

Dear Sirs: The dictionary defines a classic as follows: "Belonging to the first class or rank in literature or art." In your issue of March 21, you had a review, by R. J. Kaufmann, called "The Progress of Iris Murdoch." In my opinion this review is entitled to be called a classic.

IRVING PERLMAN

San Francisco, Calif.

The Philanthropic Gap

Dear Sirs: Your article, "Victims of Charity," by Dan Wakefield in the March 14 issue was a fine, sympathetic exposition of the terrible condition of workers in voluntary hospitals. Some errors in fact were made, however. Doctors in these hospitals are not "highly paid"; interns and resident physicians receive room, board and a stipend of anywhere from *$25 per month to $125 per month!* Few hospitals pay more. This "training" period lasts from one to five years. . . . The house physician is nearly thirty years old before he ends his training, and in this time has earned no income of consequence and has paid out many thousands of dollars to become educated! . . . Though always scarce, nurses are not well paid. . . .

These facts . . . reflect the gap between the high costs of modern medicine and traditional philanthropic support. . . .

Meeting this deficit seems beyond the leadership, energy or vision evident in medicine today.

ROBERT BASES, M.D.

Bethesda, Md.

Manuscripts Wanted

Dear Sirs: *Studies on the Left*, a new journal, has been created to provide an opportunity for students who are socially concerned to express their ideas and the results of their researches. It will publish scholarly research and essays in criticism such as analyses of subjects historical and contemporary; considerations of traditional methods and theories in the social and natural sciences, literature and the arts; and book reviews.

Studies on the Left is connected with no specific theoretical position or political organization. The journal aims at significant, scholarly, readable articles, of whatever radical or Socialist position. It will pay $30 for articles and $10 for book reviews.

SAUL LANDAU
Editor, *Studies on the Left*
P.O. Box 2121
Madison 5, Wisconsin

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1959
VOLUME 188, No. 16

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

'Ohne Mich'

There is some connection between the German-in-the-street's *"Ohne mich"*—"let them fight the next war without me"—and the Christian Democrats' decision to kick Chancellor Adenauer upstairs and loosen his authoritarian grip on West German foreign policy. The fact is that nobody can afford a general war over Berlin, but the West Germans least of all. ICBMs, even IRBMs, may be in their infancy, but medium-range missiles are accurate, reliable and numerous, as the Germans, having initiated their development, are in the best position to know. They also know that the Russians have hundreds of 700-800-mile missiles ready to fire, a substantial number of which are surely trained on West German targets. Of course Herr Adenauer, being of sound and disposing mind, had reckoned with this particular fact of life, but perhaps not with the flexibility and resourcefulness of his younger days. Consequently the *Ohne mich* Germans, who are not a majority but represent a substantial number of votes, will feel easier with Herr Adenauer out of the Chancellery, and that is one reason the Christian Democratic leaders graciously acquiesced in Herr Adenauer's decision—the more so since they had initiated it.

There are other facts of life no less persuasive. One is that the chances of any Christian Democrat—other than Adenauer—winning the presidency over the popular Socialist Carlo Schmidt are negligible. Still another is that when the old bull moose has been gored once it is easier to gore him again. It is not forgotten that two months ago Herr Adenauer tried to kick his Economics Minister, Dr. Ludwig Erhard, into the presidency, so that he himself could remain Chancellor. After reluctantly consenting, Dr. Erhard polled the Christian Democratic parliamentarians and discovered that he had more support than Herr Adenauer.

In the chronic crisis over Germany the change is, on the whole, to the good. It does not call for hallelujahs, only for a moderate sense of relief. The Adenauer-Dulles-de Gaulle coalition of three obstinate men confronting a problem, for the moment insoluble, made war by accident or inadvertence a real possibility. The problem remains immediately insoluble, and Herr Adenauer is by no means completely out of the picture. He will probably name a successor who is, as far as possible, in his own image, à la Strauss-McCone in our own AEC. But it does not follow that *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* A younger, less sclerotic mind may see a temporary solution where Adenauer's tendency was to obstruct even the modus vivendi which is the best that can be hoped for at this time. From this standpoint Herr Adenauer is a dispensable man, and the West German recognition of his dispensability reduces the world's jeopardy.

Always Too Late

The strange somnolence of American foreign policy is attracting increasingly unfavorable attention, both at home and abroad. Senator Warren G. Magnuson, at the biennial convention of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, complained that the United States "should have submitted to the Russians a proposed solution to the Berlin crisis a long time ago." It seems to the Senator that "those who make our foreign policy just sit around and let one crisis after another develop before anything is done about it."

It does, indeed, seem so. The Senator cited Quemoy and Matsu, which he feels are not needed for our defense of Formosa. Presumably he would evacuate these outposts now, while the Chinese Reds are not firing on them. But the Senator must see that, under the conditions of conventional, or somnambulant, diplomacy, this is impossible. It is impossible now because there is no compelling force to stir us out of our immobility. When the Reds resume firing it will be even more impossible, for then national honor will require that we do not yield an inch.

If we were willing to give up the islands now, we should still have to reckon with Chiang Kai-shek, our ally and puppet. But he is a puppet only logistically. On the basis of a staunch, everlasting — and static — anti-Red policy, we need him as he needs us. Yet if we were willing to evacuate the Quemoys now, world opinion, and in particular Asian opinion, would be impressed by the contrast between our action in the Formosa Strait and the Chinese Reds' action in Tibet.

Most Americans are at least aware that there is a smoldering crisis in the Chinese offshore islands. They are aware of Berlin. But they never think of the Canal

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Zone as a critical area. The Panamanians, however, do. Few Americans recall that one of the cockiest of our presidents, Harry S. Truman, suggested at the 1945 Potsdam Conference that internationalizing the Canal would be preferable to its nationalization by Panama. In the April *Foreign Affairs*, two Stanford political science professors, Martin B. Travis and James T. Watkins, argue cogently that eventually the United States will confront a situation in Panama not unlike that faced by the British in Suez. A reasonable solution is possible now, but the State Department sleeps.

Sabotage Unlimited

Time costs $7 a year (though you can get it for less), but if its reporting were always as good as in the story on "Ceiling Unlimited" in the April 13 issue, it would be a good buy. Not that the story is free from Pentagon propaganda, but most of the treatment in the American press contained nothing else, while *Time* comes up with the revelation that "ever since the four powers occupied Berlin, the Russians have arbitrarily set an altitude ceiling for non-Russian planes at 10,000 ft., reserved the air space above for themselves." And until Good Friday, the Americans acquiesced in that limitation. In March, however, Air Force Headquarters in Europe proposed to the Joint Chiefs of Staff that the U.S. "challenge Soviet claims to the right to limit flight altitudes in the corridors." The chiefs agreed, on the basis that in the event of another Berlin blockade, it would be expedient to fly in C-130s at altitudes above 10,000 feet. President Eisenhower approved the recommendation, and a C-130 was sent in at 25,000 feet. Russian fighters buzzed it. They buzzed it again when it returned at the same altitude.

It is no novel experience for C-130 pilots to fly at 25,000 feet. They don't need to practice in advance of the actual need. The question is, then, why did the Air Force challenge the long-established rule at this particular time? Some of the British press assume that it was because of the danger of a *détente* based on Prime Minister Macmillan's proposals. If there is any other explanation, it has not occurred to us.

A Time for Silence

Rigidity combined with wordiness is a dangerous condition which afflicts not only statesmen, but generals and admirals, particularly American ones. As *The Nation* has remarked, General Eisenhower is unbelligerent himself, but he fails to keep a tight rein on his hard-mouthed subordinates. Scarcely a week passes that General Curtis LeMay does not announce his readiness to destroy the Soviet Union. General Thomas B. Power takes up the cry in alternate weeks. If perchance the air commanders are momentarily silent, General Lauris Norstad bays at the Soviets. And from General Eisenhower, not a word of admonition.

On the other side of the Atlantic there are words enough. On page 338 of this issue, Norman Birnbaum quotes the acidulous *Daily Mirror* of London. The British Sunday *Express* exclaims, "Oh, these brass-hatted fire-snorters," and attacks Norstad for "doing his vociferous damndest to kill any idea of easing the tension in Europe by the thinning out of troops." This spirit is echoed by a few — but so far very few — American papers. Just what is the objection to the "thinning out" of troops favored by Prime Minister Macmillan, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* asks. The Pentagon insists that any troop withdrawals from the center of Europe would be to the West's disadvantage, because the Russians would still be within striking reach while American and Canadian forces would have to go back across the Atlantic. But couldn't they be based in France, the Low Countries, West Germany? If the inhabitants there refuse to accommodate the forces allegedly necessary to their defense, NATO is exposed as a gigantic hypocrisy. The *Post-Dispatch* similarly analyzes the purported disadvantage to the West of a zone from which nuclear weapons would be barred. It concludes, "It will be a tragedy if the West enters this year's crucial negotiations with rigid attitudes on any issue. It will be a double tragedy if the West takes a rigid attitude on military issues based upon the reluctance of its generals to depart from the status quo." A modus vivendi will be hard enough to achieve. It would be a little easier if General Eisenhower would tell our top brass to keep silent for a space.

More Latent Than You Think

In line with opening up opportunities for women in every field, the Dale Carnegie Institute is now pioneering in offering a course of personal advancement by, for and of the female. To be conducted by Dorothy (Mrs. Dale), it is addressed to "developing your basic latent mental powers that are lying dormant within." The fundamental techniques established by the Master (1. *don't criticize, condemn, or complain;* 2. *give honest, sincere appreciation;* 3. *arouse in the other person an eager want*) are being adapted to the distaff side. Therefore the main topics to be studied are how to walk gracefully, how to make a good entrance and yet not be overbearing, the scientific application of make-up, the kind of hair style that suits the real inner you, and how to sit down properly. This last is of critical importance in understanding woman's place, for as the male instructor at the introductory lecture elaborated, "You will not only be taught how to sit down properly, but also how to remain gracefully in that position for a period of time, and how to attract attention there while doing so."

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It is planned to make the lectures available "everywhere in the world for women who are interested in certain principles. And, whether you plan to address large groups or not, whether you wish to rise in the PTA and social groups or not, you still owe it to yourself and your husband to set forth on this adventure." As the instructor confided, "There is today a definite trend in industry [unfortunate, in his view, but there it is] that a man is not judged for advancement on his own, but they call in these psychologists and testers to interview *the woman who is the helpmeet of the man.*" Beware of the Org-Eye, ladies, and get going; everything is more latent than you think.

Out, Damned Spot!

Last spring we ventured the prediction that the scandalous idea of a tax on advertising might have a longer life than its opponents imagined (see editorial comment, *The Nation,* March 29, 1958; also "The Scandalous Ad-Tax" by David Cort, January 18, 1958). At the time the opponents thought they had not merely succeeded in killing a particular bill, but in killing the very idea of such a tax. They succeeded in securing a decision of Maryland's highest court holding a Baltimore bill unconstitutional. Then these same opponents—the newspapers, magazines, radio and TV station owners, advertising agencies—conducted a nation-wide campaign designed to make the thought of a tax on advertising as wicked as one on mother's milk. For a time it seemed as though they had succeeded. But now the idea has bobbed up again. State Senator James E. Coffin, a widely respected Maine Democrat, has announced that he will offer a bill designed to levy a 3 per cent tax on advertising. Senator Coffin estimates that it might raise $1,500,000 annually which could be used to help finance a proposal to give all Maine high school graduates a year's tuition at the state university. Unlike the Baltimore tax, this latest proposal will be offered not as a special tax on advertising but as a simple amendment to the sales tax — constitutionally a much sounder proposal. Overnight the big drums have begun to sound the note of dreadful alarm; a huge war chest will be raised and no quarter will be offered Senator Coffin. But even if the Senator gets his comeuppance, as Mayor d'Alesandro did in Baltimore, the ad-tax idea will not die. States need revenue badly and, as Senator Coffin points out, advertising is about the "only commodity right now which is absolutely free of taxation." In short, the damned spot just will not out.

China: World Industrial Power . . *by Solomon Adler*

London

A TRAVELER returning from China finds himself in Marco Polo's predicament. The bare recital of facts rouses the incredulity of his listeners, especially if they are Americans who have been starved of authentic news for nearly a decade. Their incredulity is enhanced if one starts with a few key data on China's economic progress in 1958, for which there is simply no precedent in the annals of economic history.

According to official statistics, gross agricultural and industrial output increased by 70 per cent last year. Food grains and cotton both doubled, and there were very large if not so spectacular increases in other crops, too. The production of coal and steel reached 270 and 11 million tons respectively — both more than double the 1957 levels. The production of machine tools, at around 100,000 units, more than trebled.

The Chinese regard "the Great Leap Forward" as a continuing process running into 1959-1960, and the initial targets for this year call for the production of 525 million tons of grain, 5 million tons of ginned cotton, 380 million tons of coal and 18 million tons of steel — the increases over 1958 reaching approximately 40, 50, 41 and 64 per cent respectively. The steel campaign continues to be the Archimedean lever of Chinese industrialization. In addition, emphasis is being placed on machine-building and on alleviating the shortages of transport and electricity, both inevitable concomitants of very rapid economic growth, which marked the closing of 1958.

Of course, it is the easiest thing in the world to dismiss the official 1958 figures as lies. That is how the world dismissed Marco Polo's reports. But whereas it made little difference to anybody but Marco Polo himself whether his reports were believed, today what we accept or reject about China should be vitally important to the shaping of foreign policy in general and of Far Eastern policies in particular.

A BRIEF digression on the reliability of Chinese statistics may be in order. No centrally planned economy can function effectively without reasonably adequate statistics; the State Planning and Economic Commissions and the State Statistical Bureau in Peking must know what is going on. Statistical skills grow with experience, and in China statistics are becoming more plentiful and more reliable; I was given figures

SOLOMON ADLER, author of The Chinese Economy *(Monthly Review Press) served as a U. S. Treasury official in China from 1941-1947 and has continued to follow closely that country's economic development. He now lives in London.*

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on Shanghai's industrial production in a detail which is simply not available for either London or New York.

To have reliable statistics is one thing, to publish them is another. But it is a serious matter to lie to your own people about production — much more serious than to lie to the outside world. The peasants are not going to be satisfied with their previous living standards if they are told that production of grain and cotton has doubled, and you are just asking for trouble if you are not in a position to do something about the immediate expectations your claims have raised. Yet the fact is that in China today the widest publicity is given to local as well as national output figures. When I was in Hwang Pi County in Hupeh, I saw tables of local agricultural production plastered over the county hall's inside and outside wall. And the People's Communes I visited all reported increases of 25 to 35 per cent in per capita grain *consumption;* the national cotton-cloth ration, moreover, was recently raised from 19½ to 26 feet per capita.

TWO outstanding non-Communist authorities with first-hand experience of China have commented favorably on the official statistics. One of them, Professor Mahalanobis, is the head of the Indian Statistical Institute and has an international reputation as a mathematical statistician; the other, Professor Dumont, is a leading French expert on comparative agriculture and served as chief French technical delegate at the founding conference of the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization. In Professor Dumont's opinion, "The amount of information collected is sufficiently consistent for me to assert on my own responsibility that what is happening in China is the most impressive agricultural advance ing world history" (*Le Monde,* October 12, 1958).

A number of Western businessmen and technicians, such as James Muir, the chairman of the Royal Bank of Canada; Robert Asquith, the chairman of the Asquith Machine-Tool Company, and J. Tuzo Wilson, the president of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics, have visited China fairly recently. Their general impressions and their more detailed observations on particular plants in different parts of the country both fit in with Chinese claims.

Unless one chooses to ignore or dismiss most of these data, it is hard to avoid two major conclusions. The first is that, quantitatively at least, China has solved its food problem. Since food supply has invariably been the bottleneck restricting the pace of industrialization in underdeveloped countries, China's achievement in this regard should be borne in mind in gauging the future rate of the country's industrial advance. The impact on other underdeveloped countries, particularly adjacent ones, is bound to be considerable; the Indian Ministry of Agriculture has already sent technical delegations to China to find out how it was done. Washington's long-term calculations predicated on the eventual building up of internal unrest in China through the pressure of too large a population on too small a food supply have been definitively shattered.

It goes without saying that China's dietary standards are *qualitatively* still low. The fact that the People's Communes proudly inform visitors that their members now eat meat at least twice a month is testimony enough. On the other hand, the extension of rationing in some cities to soap, sugar and even some vegetables would appear to be a temporary phenomenon resulting from the very acute transport bottleneck. When I was in Peking, there was a shortage of peanuts despite last year's bumper crop, but they were plentiful in a large People's Commune just a few miles away.

Moreover, the big increases in yields per acre achieved last year were largely due to a combination of measures usually involving a very high degree of "labor-intensity." China is only just beginning to move towards the *semi*-mechanization of its agriculture, let alone full mechanization and electrification (which is the official long-term objective). At the same time, the trend towards semi-mechanization will undoubtedly be stimulated by the growing shortage of labor.

The second major conclusion emerging from last year's economic developments is that China is well on the way to becoming the third greatest industrial power in the world. It displaced Britain as the third largest producer of coal in 1958 and should probably overtake West Germany and Britain in steel and machine tools by the end of next year. Vice Premier Po I-po, who as Chairman of the State Economic Commission is responsible for the Annual Plan, asserts that China will approach or catch up with—and, in some cases, even surpass—Great Britain this year in the production of steel, copper, aluminum, machine tools and electric-generating equipment. On this basis, China might become the world's third largest producer of the essential ingredients of modern industry by the end of next year. But the exact time it will require to overtake Great Britain and West Germany is less significant than the fact that the overtaking is inevitable and that it will most probably occur fairly early in the second decade of the Chinese Revolution.

HERE AGAIN, a number of obvious qualifications are necessary. Today, China's industrial development is very uneven; many large and densely populated areas remain quite undeveloped. Transport is still skeletal and desperately needs expansion. The increase of electric-generating capacity must remain a major point of concentration if other targets are to be reached. The chemical-equipment industry is in its infancy. Petroleum production is woefully low, and the Chinese are resorting to small-scale extraction of oil from coal and shale to fill part of the gap until large-scale production is achieved in the outlying fields of Kansu, Sinkiang and Chinghai and in the promising new field of Nanchung in Szechwan. Most important of all, per capita as distinct from total industrial output will still be low even after China has become the third ranking power in heavy industry, and there will be unrelenting pressure for further growth and greater diversification before per capita norms acceptable to the Chinese themselves are reached.

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There are a number of common misconceptions about last year's industrial developments in China. I freely confess that until my visit I shared the impression that small-scale industry had played a much bigger part than it actually did. This impression was encouraged not only by the publicity given by the Chinese themselves to the growth of small-scale industry, but also by the emergence of the People's Communes and the very novelty of this unique Chinese contribution to the pattern of Communist industrialization.

What are the facts? In the case of ingot steel, the eighteen large iron and steel complexes produced about 80 per cent of the 1958 output of eleven million tons, Anshan alone producing about 40 per cent. The medium-sized units accounted for a fair proportion of the remaining 20 per cent. In the case of pig iron and coal, the proportionate contribution of the smaller units of production was undoubtedly larger, but even in coal it does not appear to have been more than between a quarter to a third.

Contemporary Chinese Woodcut (*China Monthly Review*).

SPEAKING generally, the great upsurge in small-scale industry came in the last four months of the year. The chronology shows clearly that the People's Communes were not *the* decisive factor in last year's expansion of agricultural and industrial output. In many instances, the harvest was already in before the communes were established, and in almost all instances the measures leading to the big increase in crops had been taken some time earlier. I was told at all the communes I visited that they had relatively little small-factory production at their inception and that the subsequent rapid growth of commune factories was perhaps the main cause of the increasing labor shortage in the countryside. And I was told by the State Statistical Bureau in Peking that, on a very rough and tentative estimate, the ratio of the communes' gross industrial output to national gross industrial output was of the order of one to seven.

None of which is to minimize either the proven value of the industrial policy of "walking on two legs" or, much more important, of the profound transformation of Chinese society being wrought by the People's Communes. The point is that the communes' economic contribution will be much greater this year, industrially and agriculturally, than last.

One corollary immediately follows. The relative significance of the increased *size* of the labor force to last year's increase in agricultural production (due allowance being made for its more rational deployment) was much greater than it was in industry. While there was fairly wide scope for expanding productive employment in agriculture and small-scale industry — indeed, this was one of the strongest arguments for promoting small-scale industry— the scope was much narrower in the large factories.

Therefore, it also follows that the major part of the big leap in industrial production was due to increases in labor *productivity* in the modern industrial sector. In turn, these were due partly to the completion of investment projects initiated either during the First Five Year Plan or during 1958, and partly to what the Chinese call the Technical Revolution. This revolution is much easier to understand at its fairly rudimentary levels in agriculture, small industry and local transport than in modern industry. Perhaps the simplest way to describe it is to say that there are many different levels of technique in China and that progress is being made simultaneously along most of them. One can see the Industrial—and Agrarian—Revolution occurring at every stage from at least the early eighteenth century right down to the twentieth.

This is already hard enough to visualize. But the Westerner, with his ingrained picture of China as a technologically backward country, finds it hardest of all to grasp the fact that China has a considerable number of extremely up-to-date plants and that the Technical Revolution embraces them, too.

To present one far from isolated example: the Wuhan Heavy Machine Tool Plant has impressed several Western manufacturers and engineers who have seen it. Though highly mechanized, it employs 10,000 workers—which makes it larger than any similar British or American plant. Construction began in May, 1956, and it was scheduled to go into production in 1960 and to reach its maximum capacity of 380 machine tools (weighing from 20 to 165 tons each) in 1964. Actually it started production last year, and its projected output this year is 1,100-1,300

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machine tools ranging from twenty tons to a 400-ton universal lathe.

The ways in which these results were arrived at seem to be characteristic of the Technical Revolution at its most advanced level. The Chinese appear to have made striking progress in reducing the costs of capital construction and in expanding existing capacity with little new investment. To explain these achievements requires a much more exhaustive study than I could undertake in the time at my disposal, and I do not claim to have all the answers. Time is saved by simultaneous internal and external construction and by starting production before the factory building is completed. There is also a tendency to use cheaper, less enduring, but nevertheless adequate substitutes for expensive iron and steel products. For instance, the base of a heavy machine tool will be made of concrete instead of cast iron, a substitution which is especially economical of time. Similarly, parts and processes are simplified so that in Wuhan, air compressors in many instances can replace molding machines.

In addition, many corners are cut ruthlessly by having bench operatives work directly from blueprints and by entrusting them with the transfer of work from section to section and with most of the responsibility for inspection. The reorganization of the factory set-up appears to have brought about a big improvement in the workers' enthusiasm and initiative, just as the *hsia-fang* ("grass roots") movement, in which government officials, party functionaries and intellectuals spend varying periods of time working in the countryside, has benefited peasant enthusiasm and initiative. Administrators and technicians now work a couple of days a week at the bench, and workers participate in administration and planning. I was told at several factories that plans for 1959, completed by the managerial staff, would probably be revised upwards after examination by the factory personnel.

What is true of the Wuhan Heavy Machine Tool Plant is also true of Anshan (which holds world records for open-hearth coefficients of utilization), of the Wuhan No. 1 Blast Furnace (where I saw the completely mechanized unloading of iron ore from a railway freight car), and of the heavy industrial plants of Shanghai and the Northeast. It is necessary to complete the picture by adding that even at the Wuhan iron and steel complex, one finds the whole gamut of means of transport juxtaposed with mechanized unloading, and it was my impression that the conveying and assembling in the most modern, light-industry plants leave something to be desired.

Another interesting feature of the Technical Revolution is the campaign against "the superstition of technique"—that is, against the passive acceptance of past best performance and practice, whether foreign or Chinese. While this campaign has its negative aspect in its tendency, when carried to extremes, to encourage scientific nihilism, its value was clearly apparent in last year's agricultural results. The yields per acre achieved provide additional evidence, if any were necessary, of the technical and scientific conservatism of agriculture when viewed on a world-wide basis. In industry, China's "dare to think, dare to speak, dare to act" slogan provoked a wide range of innovations and improvements.

To repeat: China is well on the way to becoming the third greatest industrial power in the world. None of the qualifications mentioned above affect the irreversibility of this development. Still less do they affect the fact that China's political — and military — status is closely correlated with its total, and not with its per capita, industrial output.

WHAT ARE the political and strategic implications of China's imminent emergence as a great power ranking only after the United States and the USSR? As far as American foreign policy is concerned, the State Department cannot indefinitely refuse to face the facts, although, in the absence of pressure from public opinion, it may continue to do so for an unconscionably inconvenient time. Soviet Russia became a great power without American recognition, and so, we see, did China. Eventually, the United States had no alternative but to recognize the USSR and, eventually, it will have no alternative but to recognize China. Following the Russian analogy, one can expect America will get around to recognizing China in 1965, though a mechanical duplication of the time sequence is unlikely.

However, in two respects the State Department has progressed backwards. It never prevented individuals, including correspondents and businessmen, from going to Russia. And as for trade, General Electric and Ford did quite well out of Russian industrialization, especially in the lean depression years. But even these corporations' foreign subsidiaries have not made a cent out of Chinese industrialization. Ostracism has become synonymous with "ostrichism"; the American embargo of China makes no sense economically or politically. There is clearly room for a useful if modest volume of trade between the United States and China.

BUT, OF COURSE, Taiwan is the Ghost in the Hamlet of American policy towards China. We can be absolutely certain of one thing: China will never compromise on the principle that Taiwan is an internal Chinese issue. It will flatly reject any proposal for settling the issue on the basis of "two Chinas"; it will reject equally any foreign attempt to use Taiwan as a bargaining counter in return for granting Peking U.N. membership or American recognition. Of course many argue that the United States cannot yield on the Taiwan issue without loss of face. All one can say at this juncture is, first, that China's development as a great power foredooms to failure not only America's Taiwan policy, but her intransigence on China's U.N. membership; second, the longer the United States defers acknowledging the inevitable, the greater her loss of face will be; third—and this applies generally to the American strategy of ringing China with hostile bases—Washington might recall with profit Admiral Mahan's injunction more than half a century ago that the only safe

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bases are those inhabited by one's own people. The Pentagon ideal of converting the Western Pacific into an American lake is plainly an anachronism.

ANY discussion of the broader and longer-term political consequences of China's economic progress must necessarily be speculative. Certainly the example of China is bound to encourage the industrialization throughout Asia and Africa. The repercussions in India are already apparent, and this kind of impact will inevitably grow. What internal political pattern industrialization will take in these countries is an open question. What is less open is that the very process will stimulate those already potent forces within these countries which are pushing them away from alliance with, or dependence on, the great powers. In other words, one should expect the Bandung trend to become stronger and the foundations of Western strategy, based on measures such as SEATO, to become increasingly precarious. Not for much longer will Asian countries remain pawns. For this reason alone, it will be more and more difficult to attach strings to economic aid.

China's emergence as an economic giant confirms the view that Japan's economic future is unthinkable without a large volume of trade with Peking. Whatever degree of success it attains in its drive for markets elsewhere, Japan will not be able to ignore the biggest market of all right next door. Again, the evolution of Sino-Japanese *political* relations is more problematical, although it should be evident by now that the Kishi policy of unremitting hostility will have to be discarded and that diplomatic relations will have to be normalized. Japan just cannot afford to be the last country to recognize its neighbor. In the meantime, it must be galling in the extreme to Japanese manufacturers to be out of the China market, which in 1958 absorbed over $275 million of exports from West Germany, the United Kingdom and France—exports consisting largely of goods Japan is well equipped to supply.

ON THE broader world scene, it is already true that the United Nations without China is a misnomer and that the sooner this anomaly is corrected the better. More specifically, it is going to become increasingly idle to talk of Big Threes, Big Fours or Big Fives which do not include China. In an article in the *Director* last November, the Conservative M.P., Patrick Maitland, raised the question of the inclusion of the USSR and China in international commodity agreements, and at a recent session of the Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East, Ceylon pointed out the fatuity of international discussions or agreements about rice without China, which currently produces well over half the world's supply.

The same considerations apply with no less force to international discussions and agreements—if they are reached — concerning disarmament; or, for that matter, the exchange of meteorological observations or anything else involving mutually desirable international cooperation. This situation in itself exposes the unrealistic character of the current United States policy towards China.

Naturally, the problems of the cold war have to be tackled piecemeal, and no one in his right mind would suggest that everything has to be thrown into the pot all at once. But the ultimate trend is both unmistakable and irreversible, and it is safe to predict that if international agreements on crucial global issues are arrived at, they will sooner or later have to be broadened by the participation and inclusion of the greatest power in Asia.

Taking the longer view, I can confidently repeat the prediction I made in my book *The Chinese Economy* two years ago: "In the broader historical setting, the industrialization of China is likely to compare with that of the United States in the second half of the nineteenth century and that of Russia in the first half of the twentieth."

Progress of Sacco and Vanzetti . . *by Norman Thomas Di Giovanni*

Boston

"AVENGE our blood," Vanzetti asked near the end; and again on his last afternoon the anarchist asked, "Clear our names."

As for avenging his and Sacco's blood—an idea which today still shocks a nation without a radical movement, yet which remains truest to the spirit of their anarchism—little was ever done. (Let us be clear in what the salve of time and sentimentalism obscures: Sacco and Vanzetti were no mere pacifists, they were active revolutionists.) As for name-clearing, the fine books of Frankfurter, Fraenkel, Ehrmann, Musmanno and Joughin-Morgan have done that. What greater vindication than the extraordinary little library on the case, still growing, written by some of the finest legal and literary minds of contemporary times? Not to speak of subsequent changes in legal procedure in Massachusetts higher courts, which, had they existed in 1927, would have gotten the two anarchists a new trial.

Nonetheless, on the record of the Commonwealth the two men stand guilty of murder and robbery, therefore justly executed. But even in Massachusetts, all private consciences are not so sure. Back in December, one brave young member of the Massachusetts Legislature filed a resolution requesting the Governor "to grant a posthumous Executive pardon to the late Nicola

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Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti," and on the 2nd of April, in the Gardner Auditorium of the Massachusetts State House, fifteen members of the Joint Legislative Committee on the Judiciary, some dozen speakers on the resolution, and several hundred spectators sat through a thirteen-hour hearing which may yet result in the clearing on the books of those good names.

AT NEARLY every juncture, the State House hearing revealed much more of contemporary significance than it shed light on Sacco, Vanzetti or their case. Their trial, remember, took place in 1921. The "retrial" this month had to begin with assurances that the two men were not Communists or enamored of Bolsheviks, therein telling a great deal about the fog in men's minds today. The paradox is, of course, that if the minds of the politicians on the Legislative Committee had been keen enough to penetrate what Sacco's and Vanzetti's anarchism really consisted in — unremitting resistance to the ruling class — present-day Communists by comparison might have seemed to them lollipop sellers. Also, that the violence committed both during and after the case (a juryman's home was bombed in 1927, Judge Thayer's five years after the executions) was attributed at the outset of the hearing to Bolshevik opportunists, might have made the half-dozen old Italian anarchists in the audience smile.

There was an astonishing naïveté on the part of the politicians on the bench who suggested that Sacco and Vanzetti brought out their radicalism to "throw a smokescreen on their guilt" and who asked the resolution's author, Representative Alexander J. Cella, whether he was related to the two anarchists, if he had presented his resolution as part of his election platform or as a move for his re-election, and also why he had singled out this murder case in particular and not others, except that this case had the most publicity. The committee's general unpreparedness in the most elementary facts of the case, too, was distressing: one of them asked a speaker to read a chronology of the Dedham trial, saying, "I don't know too much about this case." This same member later said of the Lowell commission, "I thought that was a high-class committee." These are the men the people of Massachusetts elect to represent them. While naïveté and specific ignorance of the Sacco-Vanzetti case may be excusable, general ignorance, to say nothing of closed, dead minds, is not. The majority of these politicians reflected their own inadequacy, fear and prejudice rather than enlightened, inquiring minds. Those who so crassly mouth off about democracy are just the ones who in a true democracy would be forced into honest work.

The chief speakers in favor of the resolution were Pennsylvania Supreme Court Justice Michael A. Musmanno, who thoroughly and properly vilified Judge Thayer, District Attorney Katzmann and the jury foreman; Morris Ernst, who presented the case against the Morelli gang of Providence; and the Reverend Roland D. Sawyer, a minister in his eighties and former member of the Legislature, who vividly sketched the role of Italians in New England labor disputes up to the time of the 1920 Palmer raids. Mr. Sawyer also laid particular emphasis on the prejudice in the twenties against Italians in general, let alone radical ones.

BUT BY DAY'S end it was fairly evident that the men who sat on the bench at the hearing were no better than the Dedham judge and jury nearly forty years back. They fearfully resisted whatever cast a shadow on jurors, judges, governors, district attorneys, the law or the state. They simply could not accept that men of state or office could be wrong. They exhibited a disturbing, too-healthy respect for the past that bordered upon super - patriotism. "Wouldn't a pardon set a precedent to undermine the law, leading to a breakdown of our judicial system and anarchy?" the politicians wanted to know. They asked Musmanno, "Has Pennsylvania or any other commonwealth ever granted a posthumous pardon?" "You are asking us to censure the judge, court, district attorney and supreme judicial court," one of the politicians complained. When the Legislature's exoneration (in 1957) of the Salem witches was cited, one committeeman related, "I had serious doubts about the propriety of the proceedings."

The committee's opposition showed through when they grabbed at the straw of testimony offered by the one speaker against the pardons. He was a Boston lawyer who represented a deceased juror of the Dedham trial. The juror had wished known "the integrity of the jury" and fairness of the judge. How that soothed *the committee!* Though they were all dead-tired (it was the thirteenth hour), they swarmed the lawyer for information as to how they could see the juror's manuscript on the trial. Would that simple juror — it was reported he "became so fascinated with what transpired in the courtroom that he afterward became a lawyer" — outweigh Frankfurter, Fraenkel, Ehrmann and Morgan? Well, at least in this one way: the juror's manuscript is reputed to contain some 4,000 pages.

Herbert B. Ehrmann, one of the defense lawyers for Sacco and Vanzetti in their last two years, stated in a letter to the committee that vindication "had best be left to the judgment of mankind guided by the records and opinions of qualified lawyers and scholars." "The Massachusetts Legislature is not constituted," he wrote, "to make an exhaustive study and evaluation of the evidence required to arrive at an authoritative opinion. Consequently a vote for or against such a pardon would be quite meaningless." In the end, on April 8, the committee took the slippery way out, deciding it was not proper to "pass resolutions which seek to influence the Governor in the exercise of his executive powers." Significantly, not one member stood as a man to dissent.

So much for the State House. The day after the hearing, North End Italians, recalling past decades, were suspicious of some renewed denigration of the Italian name. They wanted to know, "Why a pardon now that they're dust? Why not when they were alive?"

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1960's NATIONAL GERRYMANDER

How Much Will Your Vote Count? . . *by Henry M. Christman*

THEORETICALLY, the Congressional reapportionment which follows each decennial census is supposed to secure the twin pillars of American democracy: fair representation and rule by majority. The practice is something else again. Let us take a quick, summary view of the reapportionment which will follow next year's federal census:

1. On the basis of Census Bureau population projections, the West — already strengthened by statehood granted Alaska and Hawaii — and the Midwest will gain House seats at the expense of the East and the Deep South. This is in strict accord with the purpose of reapportionment — the reshuffling of seats to conform with population shifts.

2. But while each state *as a unit* may have more equitable representation, the manner in which reapportionment will be carried out — if past practice is a guide — will deprive millions of *individual* voters of the weight which should be theirs under our system of universal suffrage.

The map on this page indicates the losses and gains in House seats which the 1960 census is expected to bring about. In all, nine states will gain and fourteen will lose. But more is involved here than arithmetic. The reapportionment is actually carried out by state legislatures which must redraw Congressional districts to allow for the increase or loss of seats dictated by the census results.

Here is the crux of the matter. State legislatures, dominated by small-town and rural areas, invariably scuttle anything which would give more representation and power to cities and suburbs. They exploit their responsibility to redistrict in a way which denies proper representation to those very areas — the cities and suburbs — whose growth brought the state its increased representation.

To understand how this is done, we must consider that time-dishonored political weapon, the gerrymander. In the early 1800s, Governor Eldridge Gerry of Massachusetts ruthlessly carved out districts of the state legislature in such a way that his party had legislative seats all out of proportion to the number of votes they could attract. Gilbert Stuart, the artist, took one look at a map of the strangely shaped new districts and remarked that one of them resembled a salamander. Benjamin Russell, a leading newspaper editor, made a permanent contribution to the lexicon of American politics by adding that it was "more like a gerrymander."

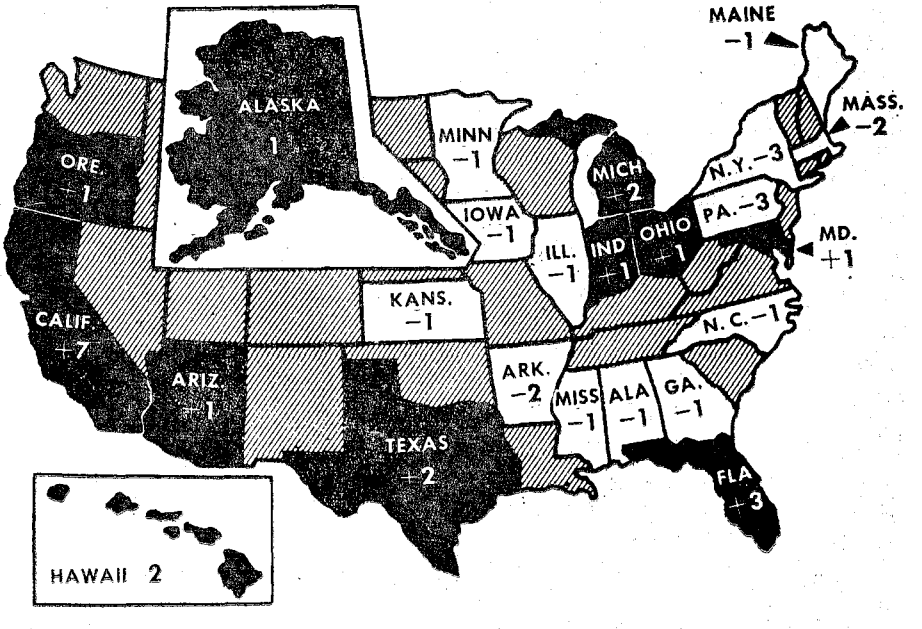
THERE ARE several ways to gerrymander. One is simply to create some legislative districts with greater populations than others. Thus a district with comparatively few constituents has voice and power in the legislature equal to that of a heavily-populated one. A more subtle technique is to create districts that are equal in population, but whose boundaries are drawn in such a way as to give one party an unfair advantage. But perhaps the most widely used method is the "horse-and-buggy days" gerrymander. The state legislature simply ignores population changes and refuses to redistrict, depriving the people of growing cities and suburban areas of equitable representation. Thus state legislatures generally are dominated by small-town and rural elements. The effect is startling: *a minority of voters elects a majority of the membership of every state legislature in the nation,* and this would be true even if every voter consistently went to the polls each election day. Moreover, since it is the state legislatures which shape the Congressional districts, it is not surprising that their characteristic domination by rural and small-town elements is passed right along to the U.S. House of Representatives.

With this in mind, let's take a close look at key states to be affected by the reapportionment.

California

The most spectacular long-range political fact in America today is California's growth. In 1940, the

Gains and Losses in House Seats: 1960



States in black will gain; states in white will lose. Shaded states remained unchanged.

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state tied with Ohio for fourth place in Congressional strength. In 1950 it gained seven seats; following next year's reapportionment, it will gain another seven for a total of thirty-seven Congressmen — only three short of New York's forty. Sometime during the mid-1960s, California seems sure to become the most populous state in the nation.

HOW THE STATE'S Congressional seats are distributed is, therefore, of top national importance. Following both the 1940 and 1950 censuses, the Republican-controlled state legislature jammed as many Democrats as possible into the smallest possible number of Congressional districts. For example, in Los Angeles, Congressional districts which traditionally vote Democratic have more than twice the population of neighboring Republican districts. A Republican Congressman from Los Angeles, therefore, often speaks for less than half the number of constituents represented by his Democratic colleagues.

The syndicated newspaper columnist, Doris Fleeson, has pointed out that the districts represented by Democratic Congressmen, gerrymandered to include every Democrat that could be squeezed in, happen also to be the fastest-growing districts in Los Angeles. The over-all plan seems to be that the Republican districts should remain generally the same in population—and remain Republican —while the Democratic districts absorb the big population increases.

Such techniques in gerrymandering help to explain how California, with a three-to-two Democratic voting registration, traditionally sends a heavy Republican delegation to Congress. Even last November, when California Democrats won a landslide victory in state-wide contests, they could carry only sixteen of the state's thirty Congressional races.

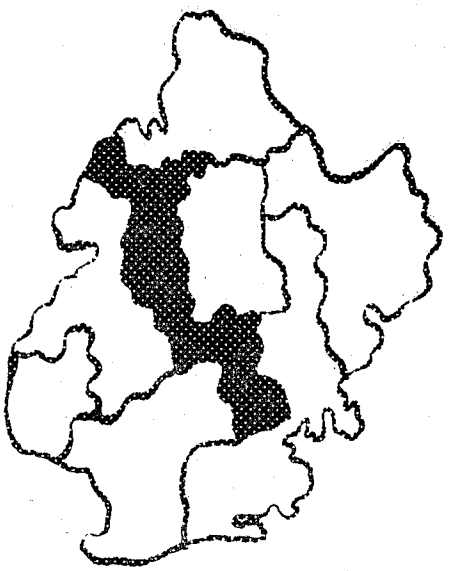
This picture seems likely to change, however, because in the same election, California Democrats won control of both houses of the state legislature. Theirs was an uphill struggle, accomplished by slowly inching forward, winning a few more seats in successive elections (an overnight sweep was — and is — impossible, since legislative districts, like Congressional districts, are gerrymandered in favor of the Republicans). But if Democrats can hold control of the legislature through the 1960 elections, they will be able to shape California's new thirty-seven Congressional districts.

New York

California's rise in Congressional strength is accompanied by New York's decline. In 1940, New York had forty-five seats in Congress; it now has forty-three and, following 1960, it will drop to forty. This may well be disastrous both for New York City and for the power of New York State Democrats.

Before 1950, Democrats had a traditional edge of one in New York State's Congressional delegation — twenty-three districts were usually Democratic, and twenty-two usually Republican. But after the state legislature completed the 1950 redistricting, the count was: Republicans, twenty-six; Democrats, seventeen.

How did the Republican leaders of the New York legislature manage such a coup? The story is a primer for the student of American politics. First of all, on the basis of the 1950 census, the state Congressional delegation had to be reduced by two. The Republican leaders of the legislature plucked two Democrats from the borough of Brooklyn in New York City, out of Congress. Not yet through with Brooklyn, the legislature then drew a new Congressional district — the Twelfth — which straggled crazily through the borough, picking up every Republican in sight. Brooklyn, which up to that point had nine Representatives in Congress, all Democrats, ended up with seven — six Democrats and one Republican. Legislative gerrymandering in three other New York City boroughs — Queens, the Bronx and Staten Island — completed the picture. A total of six traditionally Democratic Congressional districts had disappeared, and, simultaneously, four brand new Republican districts had emerged.



Shaded area indicates Brooklyn's gerrymandered Twelfth Congressional District.

NOT unexpectedly, a howl then went up from New York Democrats and independents. The Republican leader in the state senate, Arthur Wicks, airily dismissed all criticism by commenting, "It would be hypocritical for me to deny that the bill may bring about an increased Republican representation in Congress. Of course, that is to be expected of legislation enacted by a legislature which is controlled by the Republicans because the people of the state voted more Republicans than Democrats into the legislature." Senator Wicks neglected to add that the New York State Legislature is so heavily gerrymandered in favor of the Republicans that the Democrats have not a ghost of a chance to gain control.

The center of Democratic strength in New York State is, of course, in New York City; sixteen of the seventeen regularly Democratic Congressional seats left after 1950 are from there. The seventeenth Democratic Congressman is from the Albany area, and in the last election, Democrats gained two more upstate seats, bringing the state representation in the federal House of Representatives to nineteen Democrats as opposed to twenty-four Republicans.

However, this Democratic gain is all for nought, if the Republican-controlled state legislature gerrymanders the state again following the 1960 census. First, the state will lose three Congressmen; Republican legislative leaders will try to see to

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it that the three casualties are urban Democrats. Then, strongly Republican Nassau County has grown so much in this decade that it should receive an additional two Congressmen; if the Republicans have their way, room will be made for them by destroying two Democratic seats somewhere. The Republican legislators have it in their power to reduce the New York Democratic Congressional delegation from nineteen to about twelve or even less. The approaching redistricting of New York State could make the post-1950 gerrymander seem like a pink tea.

By no means do all New York Republicans believe in such below-the-belt political tactics. Many of them have faith that their party can win strictly on its merits. Among them is the present Republican state chairman, L. Judson Morhouse. Ultra-conservative Republicans in upstate New York have not taken kindly to Morhouse's vision of a progressive New York Republican party. Nevertheless, he has proven the effectiveness of his kind of Republicanism; in 1956, he threw his influence behind Jacob Javits for the U.S. Senatorial nomination and, last year, behind Nelson Rockefeller for the gubernatorial nomination. Both Javits and Rockefeller won handily; an Old Guard Republican would not have had a chance in either race. The ultra-conservative wing of the New York State GOP knows that it is at a disadvantage in any honest, state-wide political contest; it uses its gerrymandered power in the state legislature not only to force its will upon the state, but also to counter and block the progressive wing of the New York Republican party.

Florida and Texas

These are the two dynamic Southern states — the only two in the Deep South whose population growth will earn them added representation in Congress following the 1960 reapportionment. Florida's representation will rise from eight to eleven; the Texas delegation will grow from twenty-two to twenty-four, tying the state with Illinois and Ohio for fourth place in Congressional strength.

Although there are many, and significant, differences between Florida and Texas, both enjoy an industrial and population boom, an amazing urban and suburban expansion, and a growing middle class. Unlike the citizens of some other Southern states, Floridians and Texans have set their faces confidently toward the future. But these facts are obscured by another: in neither state do the progressive urban segments have an effective political voice. In both, the long-dominant rural politicians hold the reins of political power through their iron-clad control of the state legislatures.

How does this work out in practice? When the Florida legislature redistricted the state following the 1950 census, Dade County (Miami) and Monroe County (Key West) were thrown into a single Congressional district, the Florida Fourth. More than a half-million Floridians lived in this new district — a population considerably larger than the combined population of two other new Florida Congressional districts carved out of rural areas. By 1960 census time, the Fourth's population seems likely to exceed a million persons, equal to the combined population of three to four Congressional districts representing rural Florida.

Is this the extent of discrimination against the citizens of Miami and environs? Hardly. Dade County is also scandalously under-represented in the state legislature; it has one-fifth of the population of the entire state of Florida, yet has only 2.6 per cent of the seats in the state senate, and but 3.4 per cent of the seats in the lower house.

Texas gerrymandering is equally disgraceful. The three most populous counties in Texas are Harris County (Houston and suburbs), Dallas County (Dallas and suburbs), and Bexar County (San Antonio and suburbs). Each county comprises a Congressional district. The official 1950 census states the populations of those districts as follows: Eighth Congressional District (Harris County), 806,701; Fifth Congressional District (Dallas County), 614,799; Twentieth Congressional District (Bexar County), 500,460. The same census showed three rural Congressional districts in Texas — the Fourth, Sixth and Seventeenth — to average about 250,000 population each.

If the voting strength of Congressmen were determined by the number of constituents they represent, then in 1950 Representative Albert Thomas of Houston would have been entitled to three votes in Congress. And the way his district is growing, by next year he would be entitled to four or five votes.

Or, let's look at it another way. According to the 1950 census, the three Congressional districts which include the cities of Houston, Dallas and San Antonio, had a combined population of close to two million. In 1960, their combined population will approach three million. During the last ten years, the three rural districts mentioned earlier — the Texas Fourth, Sixth and Nineteenth — have remained static at about 250,000 population each. Two of them, in fact, apparently have *lost* population. Why isn't this situation corrected? Because "big city" Texans cannot mount an effective challenge to the control of the rural Texas politicians who dominate the state legislature, the Congressional delegation and the state as a whole.

Throughout the South, the conservative rural elements of the Democratic Party hold a serene political monopoly which centers in their control of the state legislature. And so it has been for generations; theirs is an invincible monopoly which cannot be broken in the foreseeable future either by liberal Democrats or by Republicans, or by a combination of the two. Keeping in mind this rural and small-town political control, it is symbolic that the most populous Congressional district in Florida — Miami and vicinity — and the most populous Congressional district in Texas — Houston and suburbs — are both represented by liberal Democrats. Likewise, the second most populous Congressional district in each of these Democratic states — St. Petersburg and vicinity in Florida, Dallas and suburbs in Texas — is represented by a Republican.

The Great Lakes Area

Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan together will have eighty seats

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in Congress following the new reapportionment. This is one seat more than the combined Congressional strength of New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, which at one time dominated the House of Representatives.

Of these Midwestern states, Michigan enjoys the major increase; two additional Representatives following 1960 will bring the state's Congressional delegation to twenty. Michigan is a vivid example of urban and suburban strength, with impressive numerical voting power, pitted against entrenched small-town and rural control in the legislature. Democrats have ridden to victory in every recent state-wide race, and now hold every state office. Both United States Senators are Democrats, and Democratic Governor G. Mennen Williams has been elected to an unprecedented sixth consecutive term. Democrats can and do sweep Michigan regularly; yet the Republicans hold the great majority of the state's Congressional delegation. Democratic strength centers in Wayne County — Detroit and suburbs — which has six of the state's eighteen Congressional seats. The 1950 census showed these six districts to have a combined population of 2,435,235. The same census showed another six Congressional districts, all in rural northern and western Michigan and all Republican, to have a combined population of 1,560,773. Today the six Wayne County districts have almost three million residents. It is, of course, no accident that the Republican-controlled state legislature saw to it that Democratic Wayne County has less representation in Washington per capita than Republican strongholds in rural areas.

In Michigan, certainly, the power struggle between urban and suburban forces on the one hand, and the small-town and rural elements on the other, conforms with the rivalry between the two political parties (Democrats representing the former and Republicans the latter). But the Midwest, like other sections of the nation, shows that only occasionally does the urban-versus-rural battle divide clearly along party lines. Both Ohio and Illinois have legislatures strongly dominated by Republicans. Yet in Ohio, the two most overpopulated Congressional districts represent urban Republican constituencies, Columbus and Dayton. And in Illinois, the two most overpopulated Congressional districts represent Cook County Republican suburbs outside Chicago.

Only when it is realized that cities and suburbs in every part of the nation are discriminated against to some extent can the full scope of the problem be seen. On the federal level, not only do rural and small-town areas have numerical representation in Congress which is disproportionately large for their populations, but they also have still another advantage — the workings of the seniority system. Urban and suburban areas, which are constantly changing, tend to follow newer political trends and ideas as they come along. These areas also tend to have a higher turn-out of voters. Urban and suburban Congressional seats are as a rule more closely contested, and change hands more frequently than rural seats. With seniority comes the right of a Congressman to select the committees on which he is to serve; and, solely by seniority, he can advance to the committee chairmanship of his choice. At present, the House of Representatives has nineteen standing committees; only three of them have chairmen from big-city districts. A handful of determined Congressmen with the prerogatives of seniority can kill almost any legislation. It is not surprising that much of the legislation killed off is that which would benefit urban and suburban residents.

WHEN the United States Congress was first established, it was thought that the Senate would be the more conservative of the two houses of the national legislature. The Senate was to represent the interests of the separate states, while the popularly elected House of Representatives was to represent the wishes of the masses of voters. This has turned out to be one of the great ironies of American history. In the large, urbanized states, it is impossible for a United States Senator to be elected unless he presents himself as being in sympathy with the needs and aspirations of urban and suburban voters. But, in these same states, a large number of the Congressional seats, often a majority, will be held by Congressmen indifferent or hostile to urban and suburban views.

On the state level, rural control of legislatures is a continuing headache for cities. In a majority of states, urban and suburban taxpayers carry the largest share of state taxes, yet have little or no voice in determining how their money is to be spent. And the rural and small-town orientation of the state legislatures is causing mounting conflict between the legislature and executive branches of state government. An urban or suburban vote counts equally with a small-town or rural vote in electing a state governor, and many governors are becoming more and more the champions of the long-suffering cities.

WHAT CAN be done to assure fair reapportionment by biased state legislatures?

1. Legal Action. This has not been very successful in the past, although there is a significant new case now pending. In Georgia, the six largest counties contain one-third of the population of the entire state, yet have only 9 per cent of the seats in the state senate and 7 per cent of the seats in the lower house. Yet, unlike urban voters elsewhere, Georgians who live in Atlanta and other cities do not have an equal vote even in electing a state governor. In this one-party state, state officials are, in reality, elected in the Democratic primary. And the Georgia Democratic primary uses a county-unit system, rather than election by popular vote. Each county has twice the number of electoral votes as it has members in the Georgia House of Representatives, and all of a county's electoral votes go to that candidate who has received the largest popular vote in the county. Georgia's eight most populous counties together have only twenty-four seats in the state's 205-member lower house; these eight counties, then, cast only forty-eight of the 410 electoral votes which

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count toward selection of a Democratic governor. Thus, a minority of the voters can elect not only a majority in both houses of the Georgia legislature, but the governor as well. In 1946, for instance, more Georgians voted for James Carmichael for governor than for Herman Talmadge, but Talmadge won anyway.

Mayor William B. Hartsfield of Atlanta has brought suit in federal court to eliminate the county-unit system as unconstitutional on the ground that it discriminates against urban and suburban voters. The test case will indicate the willingness of the federal judiciary to intervene against this type of voting discrimination [see "America's Rotten Boroughs" by Roscoe Fleming, *The Nation*, January 10].

2. The Initiative. This offers a means whereby the voters themselves can redistrict the state legislature. The initiative, however, is a voters' right in less than half of the states. But, even so, the initiative — when available — has worked when nothing else would. Four states have used it to secure a more representative legislature: Washington, in 1930; Colorado, in 1932; Arkansas, in 1936; and, most recently, Oregon, in 1952.

3. Federal Legislation. Congress regulates its own membership and the conditions of their election; it could require that all Representatives be elected from districts which are compact and contiguous in shape and which are equal in population. Congressman Emanuel Celler of New York has introduced legislation to this effect.

Also, the power to shape Congressional districts could be taken from the state legislatures and placed under federal supervision. Even if in every state this power were shifted from the state legislatures to other state officials, or to an official state board of reapportionment, some improvement would probably follow. (It must be noted, however, that attempted solutions at the state level have not proved fully satisfactory in practice.)

No matter which of these various solutions are attempted in the long run, there is an immediate problem — the forthcoming Congressional reapportionment. This is an area in which public-spirited citizens, properly informed, can exert influence through public protest against any attempt at gerrymandering.

Involved in this whole issue is more than the question of who controls the state legislatures. It is more than a state "taxation without representation" oppression of city dwellers and suburbanites. It is even more than a question of who is to control Congress and pass legislation. Is America going to uphold the classic democratic ideal of "one man, one vote"? Or will the vote of the American who happens to live in a city or suburb continue to count for less because of his place of residence?

BRITISH OPINION MARCHES . . *by Norman Birnbaum*

London

ON EASTER Mondays, Admiral Nelson usually looks down from his pillar onto a Trafalgar Square filled by tourists and pigeons. This year, however, he saw 15,000 demonstrators march into the square to the applause of some 10,000 spectators. In the largest demonstration seen in London since the war (some say since the turn of the century), these thousands gave concrete expression to the protest of millions against their country's continuing preparation for participation in a nuclear conflict.

The march actually began on Good Friday, outside the gates of Britain's Los Alamos, the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston in Berkshire, fifty-three miles from London. Its organizers, The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, last year staged a march from London to Aldermaston; a hard core of 500 marchers, joined on the first and last days by some 3,500 others, had covered the distance — to derisive notices from the press and a public response either apathetic or hostile. This year, to the joyous surprise of the organizers, things were different: 5,000 began the march and the numbers at no time dipped below 3,000. On the last day, we set out from the western part of the city (on the road in from London airport), 5,500 strong; this figure doubled by the lunch break in Hyde Park, and on the final leg through Whitehall to Trafalgar Square another 5,000 came off the sidewalks to join. Nothing succeeds like success: the press changed its tone, and even that most craven of institutions, the BBC, paid us some attention.

The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament is explicitly non-political. Its heads are Canon John Collins of St. Paul's Cathedral and Christian Action; Bertrand Russell; the historian, A. J. P. Taylor; the novelist, J. B. Priestley; the Labor politician and journalist, Michael Foot. It has mobilized that most effective but most naked of all political weapons, the human conscience. Its organization and propaganda methods are amateurish, but this may be an advantage: it has capitalized on the widespread disgust many feel with the over-organized opportunism of both major parties. It has two arguments: (1) that nuclear war means the extirpation of life in these islands; (2) that nuclear weapons are profoundly immoral. It has but one concrete proposal: unilateral British renunciation of nuclear weapons. These primitive political propositions have enabled the C.N.D., if the evidence of the demonstration is to be believed, to strike deep roots in the populace.

Prime Minister Macmillan's re-

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cent emergence as a winged messenger of peace is a consequence of his perception of this popular feeling in an election year. Macmillan was enthusiastic for the Suez attack, joined the Americans in their game of Russian roulette in the Levant, and more recently backed them at Quemoy. His party is unable to accept what is obvious to the world, that this country is no longer a first-class power; it is excited about British "progress" in atomic weapons. Labor's policy is not all that different. It brought the country into NATO, developed the British atomic and hydrogen bombs, opened its airfields to American bombers, and has failed to follow up its initial rejection of the Suez adventure. Its present policy consists of a promise to suspend, unilaterally, British atomic-weapons *tests*, to delay work on rocket bases until a general negotiated settlement has been attempted, and to stop H-bomb patrols from British airfields. But this policy entails a faltering step back from the brink, not an abandonment of nuclear politics. The erstwhile leader of the Left, Aneurin Bevan, has broken with his followers to support the official Labor line.

THE FAILURE of both parties to tackle the dreadful threat to this country has channelized protest into the C.N.D. The 3,000 hard core of the march were made up mainly of people under twenty-five, in many cases under eighteen. Only about a quarter of the youthful marchers were politically conscious — and most of these were identified with Socialist groups. The majority had no politics more complicated than the conviction that nuclear threats were intolerable. Their placards bore inscriptions like "Youth Says No," or "We Want to Live." The press made much of their songs, blue jeans, beards and eccentric hats. There is no doubt that the protest against the bomb has merged with a larger protest of British youth against the stuffiness and dullness of their parents' lives, against the tight-lipped hypocrisy and the unadulterated humbug which befog this island. For many, then, it was their first demonstration; quite a few came, alone and unsupported, from places not usually associated with protest movements of any sort.

These were largely middle-class youngsters: university and high school students, novice artists and musicians. But some younger technologists and skilled workers were also out. The emphasis on youth seemed to cut across many of the usual divisions — including thirty or forty young Tory marchers — and lots of young Liberals, and plenty of old ones; the Liberal Party has in fact declared for unilateral British atomic disarmament.

The procession, on that first day, made an extraordinary impression as it wound through the flat and gentle Berkshire countryside. It was headed by a jazz group, the drummer in kilts. Silence was the word as we passed the atomic-weapons center, stared at by blue-uniformed guards and their dogs. The combination of pale blue sky, thick white clouds, jazz rhythms, the clump of thousands of marching feet, and the architecture of death beside us was incongruous — so incongruous that it seemed to fit our time exactly. Above our heads: innumerable banners, slogans and the semaphore signal of C.N.D. carried on something that resembled a giant lollipop. The banners identified the contingents: Combined Universities, the local C.N.D. groups, Quakers, the youth committees. The slogans were often graphic: one pictured a home-made but appropriately repulsive dinosaur: "Too Much Armor, Too Little Brain: He Died." Leaflet distributers were out on either flank, pausing to argue with those who challenged them. Motor scooters and motorcycles flying the C.N.D. flag went up and down alongside, and we had our own autocade, which pulled up at stops to disgorge supplies of food and the inevitable tea. The jazz band and a West Indian steel band supplied music.

There were foreign contingents, a big one from Germany, another from Sweden, lots of Asian and African students — and an occasional "U.S.A." on a semaphore bobbing above a crew cut. A number of baby carriages were in evidence. That night, and the next two, thousands were bedded down in sleeping bags on school, church or city-hall floors. During the second night, sleeping marchers at Slough were awakened by police flashlights. A lady Tory city councillor had been exceedingly distressed to learn that boys and girls were put into the same room. The third day, a windswept and rain-soaked march came into town, past London Airport. A pub keeper refused to allow a lunch break near his pub — and had the dubious satisfaction of seeing a nearby competitor serve 1,200 customers within forty-five minutes. The police were tremendously impressed by the efficient organization of the march.

ON THE fourth and final day, the composition of the march altered. The trade unionists now came on, there were many more families, hundreds marched behind a Methodist Bishop, City men with furled umbrellas appeared, a good many stage, screen and TV personnel fell in, and London's *literati* abandoned their typewriters for the day. My own contingent, Universities and Left Review, had marched from Aldermaston with about 150; we entered Trafalgar Square with some 600. The sensation of the day, apart from the dramatic increase in our numbers, was the appearance on the platform of the President of the Trade Union Congress, Robert Willis. (The most influential trade unionist in Britain, Frank Cousins, joined the demonstration as well.) Willis said that he hoped and expected that if the march were needed next year, half the participants would be unionists. He asked why a protest against mass suicide did not induce the police to alter their traffic arrangements, when occasions which brought out "gilded carriages" did. The crowd roared, not least to show its appreciation of a union leader apparently indifferent to a knighthood.

So the march from Aldermaston was a success, and a surprising one. The fact that people cared enough to walk a grueling fifty miles seems to have impressed a contemporary population; perhaps the general moral sense is not as extinct as many (myself included) have thought. The youth of the original marchers,

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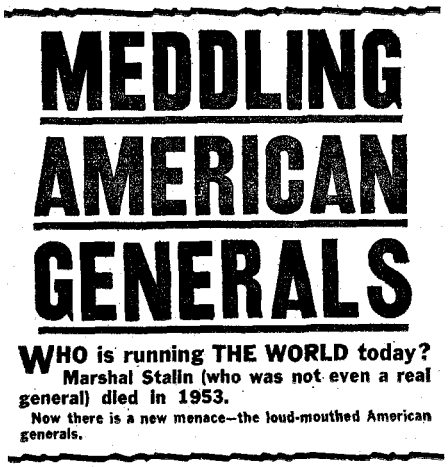
equally, contributed to the impression. Not alone the fact that the marchers cared, but the quality of their concern — an affirmation of the simple value of human life itself — had an impact. It isn't accidental, perhaps, that the only consistently hostile response we met on the march came from two groups, at either end of the age and status scale. The Teddy Boys, the working-class juveniles consumed by resentment at their lack of opportunities in the "opportunity state," were full of sneers. And the ex-officer types, spitting with fury into their moustaches, were choleric. Each of these groups, of course, has come to a psychological dead end; neither can accept new experience.

The C.N.D., with the new support of the unions, has emerged overnight as a mass movement. The effects of the demonstration have been visible, instantly, in London's political atmosphere. On April 3, the most widely read newspaper in the country, *The Daily Mirror*, had a screaming front-page headline: "Meddling American Generals." Underneath it was a blistering attack on Norstad, Twining and White as saboteurs of peace. *The Mirror's* editors have an uncanny gift for swimming with the political tide — and they are enormously influen-


MEDDLING
AMERICAN
GENERALS
WHO is running THE WORLD today?
Marshal Stalin (who was not even a real general) died in 1953.
Now there is a new menace—the loud-mouthed American generals.

Headline in the London Daily Mirror *of April 3.*

tial within the Labor Party. It is on that party, in fact, that the weight of the C.N.D. triumph will bear. No long-term change in Tory policy can be expected; but on paper, at least, Labor is accessible to C.N.D. influence. It does stand for disengagement in Europe. C.N.D. itself has no political conceptions: it has scarcely considered the effects of unilateral British nuclear disarmament on NATO. But C.N.D.'s success has given the Labor Left a very powerful stick with which to beat the party leadership. All the things the Left has been saying seem now to be true: the party has failed to mobilize youth behind it, has backed away from the one issue which could blast open the rigidified political structure of this country, and has sacrificed a principled politics on grounds of expediency which now appear highly inexpedient indeed. Left Labor will utilize this outburst of conscience to effect a basic change in the party's — and the country's — policies. What seemed impossible four or five or even two months ago is now a distinct possibility — a British advance towards neutralism. Meanwhile, Messrs. Macmillan and Lloyd will also have read the papers.

Some people here are looking across the ocean. Fifteen thousand marchers in London could be matched only by 50,000 in Washington. It may be objected that there are no nuclear-protest marches in Moscow. (The British Communist Party's bruised rump at first boycotted C.N.D. because its leaders persisted in saying this; they've now given the campaign their support — with the reservation that criticism of the USSR is unsporting.) But it is difficult to see how the Soviet people can be induced to take the risks of freedom if those to whom freedom is given do not use it to protest on behalf of all mankind. The Aldermaston march was a step — a step fifty-three miles long — in the right direction.

THE EMBEZZLER . . *by David Cort*

JUST OVER there are ten hundred-dollar bills. They show no marks of individual ownership. You do not know the peculiar history that makes them "belong" to somebody else. They are an abstraction that might as well be added to your bookkeeping as to that of the somebody else. Somehow these ten bills float through the air and arrive in one of your pockets.

Now you are magically in a position to obtain $1,000 worth of other people's real goods and services. And you are a thief.

The very existence of paper money, a very feeble symbol of wealth, turns real wealth into an abstraction that nearly invites an immorality about money. When wealth is respected and feared, the society is highly moral about it; when wealth is abstracted into mere dollar bills and ledger accounts, it becomes contemptible and thievable. As everyone knows, this is the present situation. It is even odd that the epithet "thief" still has a force that makes a man cringe. Who, in fact, are the important thieves?

The spectacular thieves shoot their way out of banks, creep in windows by night, rob strangers at the point of a gun and otherwise comport themselves in crude, conspicuous and inefficient ways. In a good year, these bungling hoodlums manage to collect about $500,000,000 in cash and property, and sell the property for a fraction of its value.

The unspectacular thieves, without even owning a gun or sneakers, steal three times this every year, quietly and intelligently, for an estimated total of $1,500,000,000. These are the embezzlers, inconspicuous and skilled.

The embezzlements discovered are only a fraction of those now taking place, and only a fraction of these

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are covered by fidelity insurance (usually in the form of a "blanket bonding," which does not require investigation of individuals). Still, the insurance companies paid out over $57,000,000 in 1957, up two and a half times over 1956, and the trend continues upward. A dozen claims were for over a million dollars each. Employers rarely send the embezzlers to jail, if they can make some restitution; the insurance companies are much tougher. There is an old Arthur Train story of an embezzler whose lawyers advised him to lift $125,000 more before he confessed; then the lawyer offered the bank $100,000, keeping the rest for his services to all concerned. In a single fiscal year, the FBI has handled 1,641 bank embezzlements (half of them were by bank officers) as against a mere 600 violent bank robberies. Embezzlement is more than a hobby or avocation.

It has been said that there are 210 illegal ways to separate a bank from its assets, and the rarest and worst way is just to pick up the money. Manipulation of cash receipts, in other words, occurs in only 13 per cent of known embezzlements, manipulation of inventories accounts for another 15 per cent, and the rest — or 72 per cent — involve manipulation of cash disbursements, the best way.

The techniques of embezzlement are derived from the business fact that every money transaction is authorized by a specific piece of paper, or several pieces. All the embezzler has to do is use the same piece of paper over and over, or falsify it to meet his needs. Embezzlements are said to hit hardest at laundries, bakeries, chain stores, the entertainment business, labor unions and almost any sort of branch operation. This dishonesty is given by Dun and Bradstreet as the primary cause of 10 per cent of business failures every year. The estimate will seem very low to any small retailer, who knows that his survival depends on finding an honest man or woman.

OBVIOUSLY important as this subject is, only one man has gone into it with scientific care and dispassion — Donald R. Cressey in his thesis, *Other People's Money* (Free Press, 1953). He limited himself to people who had accepted a position of trust in good faith, *then* criminally violated the trust, and been convicted and jailed. His question then became just the one we all want answered: Why?

He defines an hypothesis which held good for all the embezzlers he examined in repeated interviews in a number of prisons. This must be quoted exactly as he gives it:

> Trusted persons become trust violators when they conceive of themselves as having a financial problem which is non-shareable, are aware that this problem can be secretly resolved by violation of the position of financial trust, and are able to apply to their own conduct in that situation verbalizations which enable them to adjust their conceptions of themselves as trusted persons with their conceptions of themselves as users of the entrusted funds or property.

The definition is obviously descriptive of a twentieth-century, not a thirteenth- or eighteenth-century, man. One can almost see the transition of the "good boy," the scoutmaster, "the responsible family man," into the state of moral disorder and the role of cheat, rather than that of thief. He has lost the concept of wealth as something owned by another and substituted mere figures in a ledger, which have no moral meaning. And who is there who will judge him?

THAT fascinating "non-shareable problem" can be literally any problem known to man or woman. The popular view that it must be "bookies, babes and booze" is overwhelmingly wrong. On the contrary, a man tries to be a little more important and respectable than he can actually

afford, and then he embezzles, often *philanthropically*.

The "verbalizations" in the definition must be, and are, pitiably banal, such as that the biggest people in the business cheat a little here and there, and that the embezzler is only borrowing the money for a few months, and has mentally all but repaid it. The sad day comes when he faces the clear truth that the amount is too great for him ever in any probable life to repay. Then he becomes reckless.

There seem to have been waves of embezzlements, one of which may now be in course. Another was among United States Army paymasters during the Civil War, usually blamed on the gambling houses in Washington, D.C. Purchasing agents for large corporations are another sensitive spot, and are almost never prosecuted.

The embezzlers who blame their crime on a helpless defect of character are, according to Mr. Cressey, generally the absconders, whereas the true embezzlers blame the crime on a situation which unpredictably and through no fault of theirs got out of hand. In the jail cell they are still virtuous, and their statements are sometimes enough to bring tears, as quoted by Cressey.

Incredibly, this opinion is confirmed by a bonding company official, who wrote Cressey: "The average embezzler is no more crook than you and I. As a result of circumstances, he finds himself in some position where, with no criminal intent, he 'borrows' from his employers."

This remarkable but well-founded statement leads us to start our thinking about money and embezzlement all over from the beginning.

The first question must be: how old is this crime? Through most of human history since wealth came into being and society became stratified, the upper levels of society have subsisted quite frankly and legitimately on embezzlement. Everybody surrounding the king, his favorite, the first minister, the lord treasurer or great barons, rapidly became very rich. The feudal system was based on an open invitation to embezzlement. Technically, the inferior baron should have passed on all income de-

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rived from the properties in his trust to the superior baron, up to the king. In not doing so, he was embezzling, but without wrongdoing or guilt. However, under whimsical or avaricious kings, courtiers who had lost favor were beheaded for this guiltless crime. Historians do not make much of this matter, because the great barons did not fill out detailed financial statements or income-tax returns, and the date is hard to come by.

It is amusing to notice that in English law embezzlement first became a crime in 1529 in the reign of Henry VIII, who wanted to do all the stealing himself, and that it was directed at "servants and clerks." But since the servant's possessions were those of the master, it was necessary to define embezzlement as the transfer of the wealth of the servant *qua* servant to the servant *qua* thief. As late as 1824, a London banker with the lily-white name of Fauntleroy was hanged for separating his bank from $1,500,000, and he too felt no guilt.

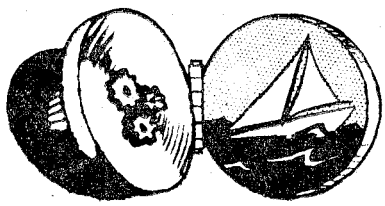
The word embezzlement is derived from a French word that became in English "bezzle," meaning drink to excess, gluttonize, revel, waste in riot, plunder ("bookies, babes and booze"), none of which is characteristic of the average embezzler.

IT WOULD not be surprising if the attitude toward embezzlement has changed along with the attitudes toward wealth and money. From a society where wealth was sacred and even the money, not being paper, had real value, we have evolved a system where paper money, notes, mortgages, stocks, bonds, checks, bank accounts, etc. stand for wealth.

We have tried to repeal the unwritten right of people in power to legitimate embezzlement, and forgiven the small embezzlements of "servants and clerks." (But not in Soviet Russia.) One can nearly sympathize with a corrupt political boss or union leader who has not noticed that the old rights have been repealed and finds himself in the dock answering impertinent and unhistorical questions. His defense usually must fall back on accountancy.

Wealth is now bookkeeping; embezzlement is bookkeeping; and the embezzler typically steals only to keep his personal books in order, not out of any old-fashioned love of money.

The embezzler is, in this failing, just like the rest of us. The love of wealth and money, and the awe of it, in the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries cannot be found anywhere today, excluding a few cranks. Money is necessary to most people; but in small denominations it is a kind of



coupon, and in larger amounts a cleverness score in a game, like a proof that you won the four-horse parlay. "Score" is in fact gamblers' slang. You may think this is the normal way to think about money, but it would not have been normal in any other century. The modern attitude toward money makes a comedy of the Communist theoretical hatred of capital money. Our own industrial democracy has gone much further in eliminating the love of money by indulging it rather than forbidding it. Here the whole matter is bookkeeping; the Certified Public Accountant has inherited the earth. Success is not in how much income comes in, but in how well you keep your books. The wages are only a fringe benefit; the important factors are the respectability and credit rating, and the services of the accountant who pays the income taxes and any garnishee judgments that may have been levied. Some banks have even taken over the function of wives and pay all monthly bills. You never have to look at your money.

THE FOREGOING has been essentially a moral exculpation of the embezzler. He is cheating with his life and his fortune and his sacred honor. We may be touched by his inability to share his problem; we may sympathize with his verbalizations; we may even agree that the money he steals is not a compelling representation of wealth. But we must acknowledge that he has missed some of the key signals as to what life on earth is all about. Sometimes one must be hard-hearted, even toward oneself. The embezzler gets too wet-eyed about himself.

The honest man still stands up, even in the twentieth century. He will scuttle the "verbalizations" and the "unshareable problems" before he scuttles his right to say (to himself) "I am an honest man." The thievery must appear to him as an abdication of dignity. The last and strongest defense of a social arrangement is the individual's opinion of himself.

But this rather doctrinaire opinion runs afoul of the results of lie-detector tests described in Cressey's book. Of the employees of some Chicago banks, 20 per cent of those tested were shown to have taken money or property. But the percentage of embezzlers in a cross-section of chain-store employees was 75 per cent. And if we can take the word of the bonding-company official, this clear majority is not very different from you and me.

It would be good standard journalism to say now that business morality is probably going to hell. Perhaps. What one can say is that the old immoralities are more widely shared, take new forms and are nearly respectable. The example is set by business leaders. If they do not steal from their own companies, they have no qualms about stealing from their competitors. Thus we have businessmen who plant radio transmitters in the chair upholstery of the competitor's president, tap his phone, stare into his board-room with a telescope and read his lips, bribe his telephone operator, buy and study his waste-paper, etc., etc. These eminent gentlemen record one another's conversations, at distances up to sixty feet, with devices like the Magnemite ($349) built into an ordinary briefcase with the microphone in the lock; the pocket-size, two-pound Minifon tape recorder ($290); the Dictet ($294), or Midgetape ($250). The most assiduous thieves are in the automobile, advertising and oil-prospecting businesses, but any business is in trouble if it defers filing a patent claim until the product is

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perfected. The name for these obscene shenanigans is I.E., or Industrial Espionage. One motor company has a counter-espionage force that has recruited 30 ex-FBI men.

In such a moral climate, what price embezzlement?

But a great moral force stands over all. Who else should it be but the insurance companies? More and more, every risk is insured, including accident liability, fidelity and industrial espionage. The risks increase, the premiums increase, until the insurance companies decide to put a stop to the immorality. They then take on the role formerly monopolized by the Church — that of guardian of public morals.

The insurance companies are far from reluctant. For it is an eternal phenomenon of the ages that the guardian of morality has always had a peculiar tendency to grow enormously rich. In the Age of Faith, the Church owned from a third to a half of Western Europe. In Utah, even today, the Church of Latter-Day Saints does relatively as well. But the real monopolists of wealth are the insurance companies. The great ones count their assets in the billions of dollars, which by every equitable agreement should long since have been divided, in mutual companies, among the policyholders.

The reason for the pyramiding wealth of the insurance companies is the same as for the former wealth of the Church, and comes in two parts: (1) people hope and plan to be a little more moral than they actuarially turn out to be; and (2) people have an irrational fear of the future.

Leaving out the fear of hellfire, the insurance company sells policies on the unmentioned assumption that the insured will have forty continuous years of solvency to pay up his policy. I wish we had the figures on the percentage of lives that can show this level of performance. It is certainly not a high percentage. Two or more years intervene when depression, war, labor troubles, prolonged family sickness, educational requirements, bad investments or sheer boredom make it impossible or undesirable to pay the premiums. The insured borrows back a fraction of what he had paid in, and loses the policy. The insurance company shovels the difference back into that vast underground hoard, along with the broken hopes of all the generations of foolish optimists, not so different from the knights who sold everything and went on the Crusade. In Church or insurance company, the guardian of morals piles up the billions while some god laughs.

In this context, I would advise the insurance companies to read what happened, on Friday, October 13, 1307, to the officers of the Knights Templars, then the richest institution in Europe.

But I must also piously suggest that somewhere in the insurance companies' actuarial tables on embezzlement, honest men, manual workers, clerks, robbers, pawnbrokers, engineers, philanthropists, atheists and churchmen, are actually revealed the face and expression of God.

THE AMUSING MUSEUM . . *by Bartlett H. Hayes, Jr.*

NOT LONG AGO I received a discreet note from a colleague asking if I ever served sherry, or stronger drink, in my museum. The query, which was also sent to other institutions, revealed a panting anxiety to keep up with the times; so might the writer have asked: "Do you believe the Neo-Classic embellishment of your building could be combined with the severity of a modern glass-sheathed wing?" Needless to say, the note prompted a few quips from respondents — but the quips themselves were a sort of confession of embarrassment, much in the way that laughter covers the embarrassment of guests when the roast slides off the platter. It could happen to any of us. The propriety of alcohol in the museum has been the concern of all in the profession. The issue is not so much whether the decision is yes or no as whether the question itself is a symptom of changing social attitudes which should be reckoned with.

Normally, the underlying purpose of a museum is the preservation and exposition of objects produced within the cultural area that happens to be its special province — science, history, art, Oriental art, modern art, etc. The main emphasis is on its collections and the interest they possess. What more is needed? Yet there comes a disturbing awareness, at this half-way mark in the twentieth century, that something else is needed: people to admire the collections and pronounce them a success.

The success story, in a report to a board of trustees, is often told quantitatively, rather than qualitatively: How *many* people attended the opening of a new display, rather than *what* they looked at, for how long, how many times they subsequently returned, and what was the ultimate individual inspiration derived? Statistics such as these are not so easily analyzed, nor acted upon, a fact which in no way diminishes their validity or importance. An opening party is but a first step, an introduction, a gesture for the society page, designed to attract wealth. Life should not end there. The real question is whether it does or not. And, as a corollary, the question as to the desirability of serving drinks in a museum is the extent to which the alcohol served increases quantitatively the public interest and extends it qualitatively. The answer is necessarily a matter of community response; but one learns from the habits of others. The discreet inquiry as to the status of the museum cocktail denoted an alert administrator.

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Social issues have come to be of paramount importance not only to the existence of a museum, but also to its effective operation.

The emphasis on the need for public approval, to which I have alluded, represents the most radical change in museum philosophy that has occurred in this century. For the most part, museums in the United States grew from the hoarding instincts of individuals. Private collections were converted to benefactions for the public good — a phenomenon which marks the growing social sense of twentieth-century democracy. For a time the collections remained in resplendent isolation, known only to an elite few: "Let people come and enjoy the cultural magnificence which the museum extolls." But the collections often resulted from special tastes which were considerably removed from the energetic American temperament, both in point of time and geography. A collection of eighteenth-century porcelain was not very closely identified with the preoccupation of a twentieth-century population which was busy producing and marketing domestic appliances, for example; or the ritual statuary of India was not part of the everyday existence of a city whose chief livelihood revolved upon the economics of, say, corn. Consequently, a dusty quiet settled on the institution and the bus stop was located in the next block. The premise of the donor that because *he* was excited about a particular aspect of cultural evolution, the public would also be, was unjustified; nor were steps immediately taken to improve the situation through public education.

Drawing by Palladino

THE increasing rapidity with which museums have been founded (at the rate of one every two weeks near the beginning of the second quarter of the century) bespeaks the growing number of those whose concern was the general welfare, even if they were influenced by tax-saving advantages. It required no more than an extension of this concern to induce trustees and staffs of the institutions themselves to realize that the museum, like the church, is competing with other worthy and not-so-worthy attractions for the attention and support of the public as a whole. Accordingly, the museum leader has become a virtual missionary, anxious to instruct, convert and enfold. A messianic zeal presses every action; the museum must enlighten whether its visitors prefer the shade or no. Almost every activity, therefore, is directed toward this end. Acquisitions and special exhibitions are proudly proclaimed. Memberships are eagerly sought and ways to obtain the favor of the members is a major part of the undertaking. None of this pulsating eagerness could be sustained were it not that modern museum philosophy derives from social forces which respond to any slight impetus, and that to recognize these shifting pressures is a prime museum function. In short, the domestic pace today is different from that of society half a century ago. A museum consciously, or unconsciously, partakes of that difference.

However, the simple fact that our modern way of living (frozen foods, television, automobiles, airplanes, computers) is unlike the more stable pattern of the pre-electronic age accounts only by implication for the increasing popular attention paid the arts in recent years. The vaunting of attendance figures, of princely prices paid for works of art, or richly illustrated publications on the arts, all point to an upsurge of aesthetic curiosity (little is said of satisfaction) which is comparable only to the emotional tide which represented the oncoming industrial revolution in the first half of the nineteenth century. Why should so many elements of society suddenly veer toward aesthetic interests when the background was so obviously wanting? The immediate causes are manifold: museums and their increasing number, perhaps; periodicals, most certainly; the rise in student enrollment in the arts and the commercial ventures upon which those students have had a significant influence, undoubtedly; the cumulative effect of all these on the physical environment, most of all. But, more deeply rooted, is the question, "What provoked all these immediate influences to ripen with the unsuspected and compelling power of a choice Gorgonzola?" (The simile is not inept; there have been those who were disaffected, as well as those delightfully affected.) I suspect that the answer is to be found in an innate human search for meaning that will reconcile the spiritual and material elements which form the matrix of any age. It is one of the exciting realms of research of this century: to know, to understand what is known, and to *feel* that knowing and understanding are not without purpose.

The "beneficent" years of 1930-35,

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when the economic collapse of America caused misery now almost forgotten (as, fortunately, pain so often is), produced leisure that gave the opportunity for pausing and taking stock. It was then that the meaning of the arts penetrated soundly through the social strata; wealth and poverty found a common ground in the mind and the spirit, as they had found it once before in medieval times.

Since then, the job of the museum has been to illuminate the common ground without losing sight of the artistic, scientific and historical values which form the garden in the center. The problem varies with the region, national and international, and museum performance varies accordingly.

AN INTERESTING contrast, from the standpoint of social evolution and the role of the museum in it, can be made by noting the essential difference between present-day museums in Europe and the United States. Abroad, the many new museums are largely the product of government policy and procedure. Sometimes they are established in the interests of the country's own people; often they are a conscious device for promoting tourist travel and capturing foreign exchange. In other words, they are socially planned, socially conscious organizations. In the United States, museums exist because of a dutiful attitude toward philanthropy on the part of a very small fraction of the people. Here the state stands aloof; there it is the arbiter, advocate and employer. Here the public is not responsible, although it may voice partisan opinion (and minorities often do); there the opinions must be channeled politically rather than privately to be effective.

Nevertheless, Old and New World tend to approach each other as the globe grows smaller and the museums are testimony to the spatial change. Each year more and more American museums receive municipal support in some degree; and as this trend accelerates, the private relationship between trustee and public tends to disappear. Public opinion wields sharper control, but the museum is willing to pay this price for wider public participation.

The role of the museum is significant in this connection, albeit usually unconsciously. There is little opportunity in current American life for the average citizen to comment as effectively as once was possible in the tiny village of a century past. Within its halls the museum listens closely to those who would speak up, and it encourages them to do so. It is a private counterbalance to public life. Today society tends to determine the nature of the museum more than is commonly understood.

American society has shaped the art museum in another important way. The school curriculum offers the experience of history and science to a majority of students; therefore, an adult who visits museums representing these two fields will be presumably familiar with their nature, if not with the specific content. Not so with the art museum which represents, for most visitors, an experience beyond the scope of the classroom. Therefore, one of its functions is to make amends for curricular failure, as well as to furnish special information. The art museum is a counselor, as well as a source of interest and enjoyment; it is a philosopher, as well as commentator. Fulfilling its self-imposed tutorial function, it might be looked upon as an arbiter of tastes — which indeed it is, willy-nilly, though not so directly as might be supposed.

The art-museum visitor most likely to be willingly guided is the specialist, or professional, eager for suggestions, rather than the untrained citizen who is more intuitive than rational in his reactions to museum experience. The artistic professional, by means of his special activity in the public behalf — the architect, package designer, advertising director, etc. — is the medium through which the ordinary person is reached. In short, he is a person who shapes the entire environment, no matter how small his individual role. It is this professional with whom the museum is essentially concerned as an extension of the taste it represents; for innocently, the public is swayed to a greater degree by his performance than by its own untrained inclinations. What has occasionally been referred to as "a rising level of taste" might by comparison with historical examples appear to be a tendency to discriminate more carefully among unfamiliar new forms rather than to be a development of a more acute sensitivity; good taste is also old-fashioned. The architecture of the Federal period, the furniture, fabrics and fine ware of the late Colonial years, are elegant and sensitive. Yet the art museum today plays an increasingly important role for, by presenting and comparing aesthetic variants, it helps develop a sense of discrimination in keeping with the times which, in a gentler-moving age, developed slowly of its own accord. In reality, taste was not wanting in the past, else many museums would have little cause for being today.

THE evolution of the arts has always been less evolution than revolution and the museum of the present day is, from the standpoint of the historical alterations which it represents, merely a party to the sense of change. If modern society should enter an era of static existence, there is serious doubt that the museum, as it is presently constructed, would function. Demands made upon it would not be the same. Its many current activities would cease. Now, however, one of its chief contributions to modern social life is to demonstrate the relationship between past and present and to indicate how, by implication if not directly, the changing aspects of the present are related to all. Only through the participation and support of the public can that contribution be made.

Thus the role of the art-museum director is something demanding a mixture of talents. He is at once a priest, an impresario, a seer, a scientist, a financier, a journalist, a teacher, a scholar, a patron, an artist, a politician, a slave, a pariah, a saint and, not least of all, a social bartender. Bereft of a founding father, he cozies up to a public which he sees as the sole financially effective body to insure his existence. The alternative he offers that public in return is whether it wishes its museum neat or on the rocks.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

'Compelled by Thoreau'

THE SHORES OF AMERICA: THOREAU'S INWARD EXPLORATION. By Sherman Paul. The University of Illinois Press. 433 pp. $6.75.

Odell Shepard

IF YOU wish to know how I think," Henry Thoreau once said, "you must endeavor to put yourself in my place." Few of his commentators have taken the hint to heart. Too many of them have looked at him from a distance, hastening to judge before they understood, ignoring the gulf that yawns between knowing a good deal about a man and knowledge of the man himself. The result is that even today, although his influence has long been felt in other parts of the world, Thoreau is commonly regarded in his own land as an oddity, a maverick, a renegade, to whose counsel and example no serious attention is due. And a lamentable result this is in a time and country of which it must be said with renewed emphasis that "the individual withers and the world is more and more."

Sherman Paul, wishing to learn not only what but how Thoreau thought, has striven more earnestly than any previous biographer to see this man as though from the inside. For ten years, he tells us, he has been "compelled by Thoreau," and every page of his book bears proof of his long submission to a powerful magnetic pull. He makes a strangely inadequate explanation of this when he says that what has made Thoreau so interesting to him has been "the fact that, accepting the ideas of Transcendentalism, he tested them by living them out in their practical issue." Interesting though that is, it does not account for compulsion or the sense of being irresistibly drawn. From such a motive one might produce an erudite book or even a book of high interpretative value, but what we have in *The Shores of America* — a wretched title! — is of a quite different sort. It is learned enough for its purposes, and it will unquestionably advance and refine our interpretation of Thoreau, but in essence it is a record of Sherman Paul's personal experience in thinking Thoreau's thoughts after him as nearly as possible in their order as they came, finding out how they are related one to another and each to all.

BY "personal experience" one means reading, but that of the most intense and exacting kind. In addition to the considerable though elementary task of scanning almost everything that Thoreau wrote, together with a large part of what has been written about him, Sherman Paul has so absorbed and recreated this writing as to achieve, if not quite an identification with his author, at least a remarkably sympathetic, penetrating and close comprehension of him. He has learned to look at Thoreau's career somewhat as Thoreau himself looked at nature, with the firm belief that every fact is a seed of which the sole value is that it may flower in a truth.

More than scholarship is involved here, and something different from what we ordinarily mean by literary criticism. There is patience, for one thing, of the sort that Thoreau had in mind when he said that we "must look a long time before we can see." Here we find that same fidelity to a chosen task, and that deep awareness of social obligation, which held Thoreau's life together. Yet Sherman Paul is no slavish imitator. His self-abnegation, quietness, modesty and good manners are qualities in which the chanticleer of Concord did not even try to excel. Little undue emphasis or over-statement is to be found in a book about a writer who felt that he could never exaggerate enough. In dealing with a man who "felt himself only in opposition" this biographer opposes no one. Clear statement of his own beliefs and his reasons for holding them is his sole controversial weapon. Thus he preserves that "amenity" which, in a more civil time than ours, was regarded as an indispensable portion of the critic's equipment. Those who disagree with him will find it disarming. No brash and blatant contradiction will serve their turn. Their only recourse will be to read Thoreau even more thoughtfully than Sherman Paul has done, and so to go beyond him toward or into the penetralia of a mind as subtle and strange, yet representative of us all and our very own, as any that America has produced. In the language of poker, this book has "raised the ante" for those who wish to draw new cards.

And yet disagreements there will be — first expressed, perhaps, by the estimable ladies and gentlemen who feel that the main thing about Thoreau is not his queer set of notions about religion, economics, individual freedom and so on, but simply the fact that he liked to watch sunsets and hear the birds sing. On another level are those who resent and even fear the individualism of Thoreau, believing with good reason that it is hostile to their comfort and security. They express this fear, occasionally, in vituperations which might be impressive if they were not so ignorant and ludicrous. And then there is a third group composed of those who will read this book with gratitude and general agreement but yet with doubts, hesitancies and reservations.

PROFESSOR PAUL devotes much space to the establishment of a thesis, first clearly stated by William Ellery Channing, the younger, and considerably developed by the late F. O. Matthiessen, that Thoreau's "talent," as distinguished from his "genius," was architectural — in other words, that he was capable of good literary construction. For some readers this will need no argument, but those who have hitherto doubted it will find Sherman Paul's analysis of the *Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers* and *Walden* and the *Walk to Wachusett* completely convincing.

The fact that Thoreau had this talent is established, then, once for all; but we must go on to say, as Emerson did in his Funeral Address, that Thoreau's genius was "better than his talent." That is, the things that came to him as though heaven-sent and from out of the blue were better than those he made with industrious skill. Sherman Paul seems to agree with this when he says that Thoreau was forced to fall back upon his talent "in the years of his decay." Furthermore, this is a matter which any good reader can test for himself by asking which it is in *Walden* or in the *Week* that he recalls with more pleasure — the pattern of the work as a whole or this and that single passage, paragraph, or sentence. Again, who does not recognize that many or most of the best things in Thoreau are found out of context, wedged into the structure almost at random because he knew they were

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"given" and therefore good? It is for this reason, in no small degree, that we call him "sincere." For, as Edwin Muir puts it, "we should only trust the man who sets down his thoughts a little disconnectedly, and leaves them to speak for themselves; to shine, if they have life in them and, if they have not, to remain obscure."

It comes to this, that Henry Thoreau was essentially and by natural gift a writer of brief passages who learned, somewhat against the grain and for purposes of publication, to arrange his thoughts in significant patterns. One is glad that he did learn this, but it was never more than a learning.

"Thoreau's years of decay," if they are to include the period in which he wrote the *Week*, must have begun no later than 1845, when he was twenty-eight. That seems unlikely, and indeed Professor Paul is inconsistent with himself at this point, for he says elsewhere that Thoreau lived harmoniously with himself and with nature at the pond. But all the rest of his life, we are told, "had its own quiet desperation." In several passages Sherman Paul seems quite sure of this, but in others he gives evidence against it. On the whole, the argument for "despair" is not made out.

But these are minor considerations. The important thing is that Professor Paul has given the study of Thoreau a new dimension. He has produced a book that might well be called "The Mind of Thoreau."

Creed for an Artist

A PAINTER OF OUR TIME. By John Berger. Simon & Schuster. 238 pp. $3.50.

Ramon Guthrie

A PAINTER OF OUR TIME purports to be the story of one Janos Lavin, Hungarian painter of genius, as told by his friend, an English art critic named John. Since John Berger is a well-known English art critic and painter, it is safe to assume that the views of the hero are those of the author. In fact, there would be little point to the work if this were not so.

Janos Lavin had fled Hungary in 1919 to escape the anti-Communist terror. Settled in London, he paints on in an obscurity relieved only by the short-lived success of his anti-Nazi etchings during the war, and pieces out a livelihood by holding a precarious teaching job. Eventually, in 1956 when Janos is sixty, recognition and prosperity overtake him. Unaccountably irritated by success, he disappears, apparently in order to participate in the Budapest uprising — though on which side it is hard to say. "I myself," John writes, "would like to believe that Janos, if he is now alive, supports Kadar."

The bulk of *A Painter of Our Time* consists of a journal intermittently kept by the hero during his last four years in London, in which he records his reflections on politics, society and art — and particularly on the problems and progress of his own paintings.

Much of John Berger's — or Janos Lavin's — comment on art in general and on the problems of the artist in society is interesting and sound, though it would be more at home in an essay than in such a novel as this. Tolstoy said that the function of the novelist's art is "to make that understood which in the form of argument would be incomprehensible." Mr. Berger seems rather to use fiction to obscure ideas that would be clear in the form of argument and as an excuse for not organizing and developing ideas as they deserve.

To the end of the book, Janos' convictions and motivations remain obscure. He is a Marxist, though more than a little of a deviationist at his moments. At one point he maintains that the artist can serve the Communist cause as well by producing works "under his own volition" exempt from any editing as by being an immediate propagandist. Yet at practically the same time he says, "You can't work for anything under the cover of art. I can't even work for Socialism under the cover of my art." Judging by his appreciation of Poussin and his statement that "Cubism is to us what Anatomy was to Michelangelo," his own work is not touched by the kind of "social realism" that Moscow decrees. Also it is doubtful that his dictum that "all great drawing . . . drawing to discover . . . is drawing from memory" would find much favor in neo-Marxist criticism. His assertion that all artists "work for different ends; a few of them personal, most of them social and historical" definitely straddles the party line.

One of the chief weaknesses of the book is that it is almost impossible to visualize Janos' paintings. To create as a character in a novel a painter who is at once an authentic genius, living in his own right, and a composite of several other painters is quite possible. Proust's Elstir is a compound of Manet, Renoir, Monet, Whistler and other impressionist painters; yet he is a convincing character and the reader has a clear conception of what his work looks like.

Janos' masterpiece, except that it is of monumental dimensions and contains human figures, never comes into focus. It seems to be such an incongruous scramble of Picasso's *Guernica*, Léger's *Les Constructeurs* and the Douanier Rousseau's *Match de Rugby* that all his comments on it as a work in progress flutter off into nothingness.

According to the dust jacket, the book proposes to answer the question: "How does the artist function in this fragmented world of the twentieth century?" If the question means what it seems to mean, the inevitable answer must be that he functions in as many different ways as there are individual artists and differing environments for them. Like the fictional Janos, both Léger (whom Janos calls "the greatest artist of our time") and Picasso are Marxists, but it is hard to find any significant common ground in the way they function in the modern world.

India Plans

PILOT PROJECT, INDIA. By Albert Mayer and Associates in collaboration with McKim Marriott and Richard L. Park. University of California Press. 367 pp. $5.50.

William W. Reeder

PILOT PROJECT, INDIA is a report of the Etawah project, a government-supported experiment set up to test methods and projects which could be used generally in India's huge rural development program. It is, in my opinion, one of the best books on community development in print. Largely it is presented in documentary form, and the "inside look" which it thus provides is its greatest strength. In the lines and between the lines of these field reports are revealed the hopes and aspirations of the project leaders, the problems and the struggle to solve them, the processes, the methods, the successes and the failures. The reader sees also the philosophy,

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the role of leadership, and the relations with government. Many of the factors which influence success or failure in community development become evident, some principles are verified, many hypotheses invite further testing.

This book is alive and vital. The attitudes, feelings, and beliefs of each writer or speaker are all there, not only his attitude toward the project but also his perception of his audience and his attitudes toward them. This living quality far outweighs the repetitions inherent in the use of documents as a method of presentation.

Through the reports the reader becomes acquainted with Albert Mayer, the project guide, chief consultant and author of most of the documents. One senses his faith in people and in the democratic process, his willingness to learn, the depth of his imagination, something of the scope of his vision, his dedication, his energy and drive, his striving for excellence, his willingness to look at facts, his deep concern, his tactful impatience.

IN its broader outlines, *Pilot Project, India* could be a blue print adaptable to the needs of almost any country—Burma, Thailand, Japan, Iran, Mexico, Brazil, Australia, Canada and even the United States. In most countries today social change is rapid; institutions must be brought up to date and kept close to the changing times. Where programs are lacking and new organization is necessary, the pilot project can test an approach on a limited scale before it is launched on a general front. Where programs already exist but are limited or bound by the ruts of custom, a pilot project can experiment with new ideas and methods, and can feed back its successes to broaden and improve the established programs. The Etawah project worked in both ways. One of the more useful contributions of the book is the account of the exploratory work done before the project was started and the casting away of preconceived plans in favor of a design suited to the situation and the culture.

Another strong feature of the report is its balance. The reader can obtain a general picture of the project and its relationship to the rural development program, the overview; at the same time the sub-projects are described in sufficient detail. The authors have forgotten neither the forest nor the trees.

Pilot Project, India is an account of the beginnings of one of the great social experiments of our time; it may very well become one of the great social endeavors of all time.

The Scope of Photography

PICTURE HISTORY OF PHOTOGRAPHY. By Peter Pollack. Harry N. Abrams. 624 pp. $17.50.

MASTERS OF MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY. Edited by Beaumont and Nancy Newhall. George Braziller. 192 pp. $12.50.

U. S. CAMERA 1959. Edited by Tom Maloney. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 305 pp. $8.95.

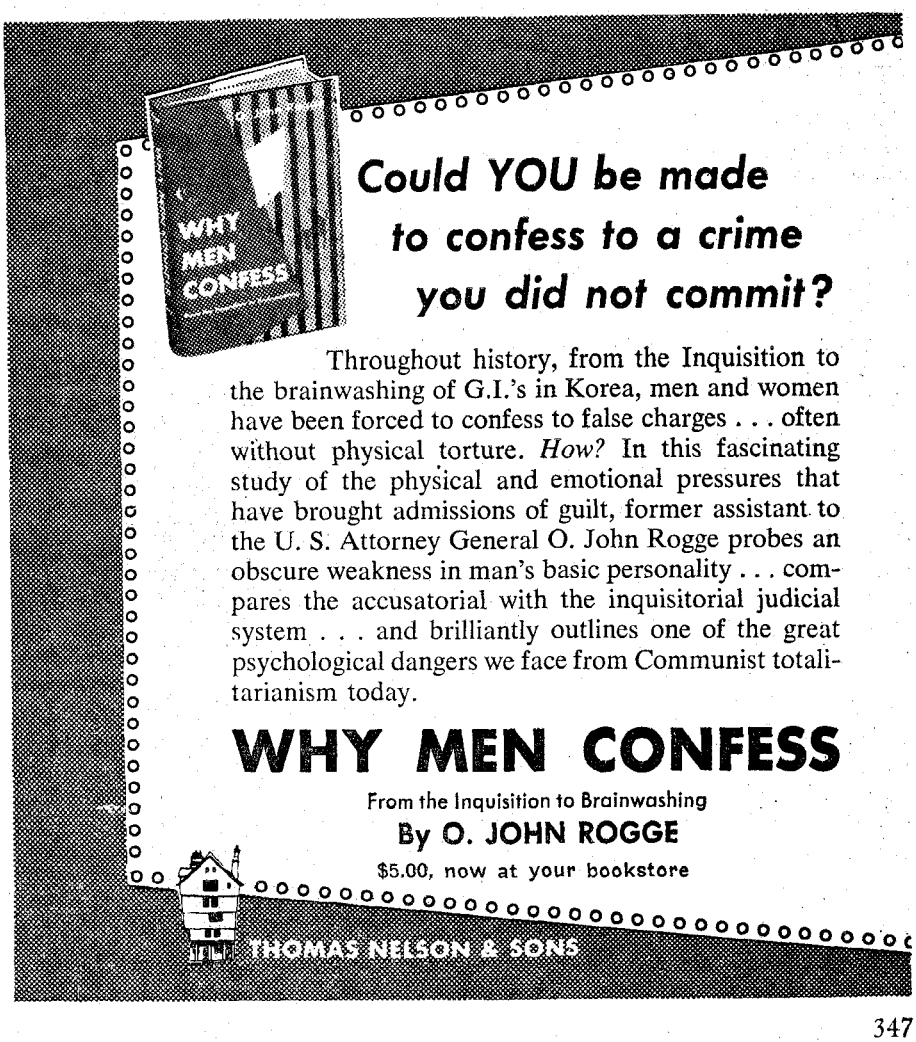
ONCE UPON A CITY: New York from 1890 to 1910. Edited by Grace Mayer. Macmillan. 511 pp. $15.

Lincoln Kirstein

A CENTURY AGO, Charles Baudelaire, best of art critics, wrote: "We must see that photography is again confined to its sole task, which consists in being the servant of science and art, but the very humble servant like typography and stenography which have neither created nor improved literature." Since then, the process has been speeded up; uses, undreamed of then, have been found for the camera. If journalism ever adds up to literature, surely photography has created art. Photography is considered a graphic art by museums; curators of prints and drawings have custody over the camera. Photography is a graphic process which fixes images on paper, like etching or lithography. Like them, it has served history, industry and science. So why is the artistic prestige of photography still unstable as a category and as an aesthetic?

The development of the camera-image is lucidly set forth in Peter Pollack's huge *Picture History of Photography*. The pictures are excellent, well reproduced; there is a good extended introductory section on how it all started as a series of oddly independent but converging accidents. So much of photography, including its origin, is involved with accident. The most memorable takers of pictures are those who have been able to anticipate or control momentary incidents revelatory of human

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN arranged exhibitions and wrote monographs for shows by Walker Evans and Henri Cartier-Bresson at the Museum of Modern Art in 1938 and 1946.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character or historical event; the accidental seizure that fixes true nature or naked self, is the medium of its process, like ink or water color. It is less a handicraft than a measuring of time, or a sense for timing.

Pollack the historian, following Newhall, Gernsheim and others, is a good scholar, but when he passes the early epoch and comes to the immediate past or present, his book turns into a personalized miscellany; half the men included could have been replaced by as many who are not. Particularly missed are the cityscapes of Berenice Abbott, the war pictures and picture-stories of Eugene Smith, the portraits of artists and writers by the late George Platt Lynes. Understandably American in recent orientation, Pollack includes perfunctory sections on Europe and Japan as well as a fatty color section.

ALMOST any early photograph tends to have charm for us, combining clarity, nostalgia and naïveté. The transparent vision of 1850-1910, distilled in a thousand shots we have become accustomed to seeing, give us habitat groups for ancestor-worship, pickled in time, magical and mysterious. They are our sources, and yet they could not be more alien from our present habit of thought, dress and custom. Why is it that pictures taken closer to our own day are, and remain, less interesting? Will it be true in 1975 or 1995? For many decades, photography had the advantage of a craft atmosphere. When the Kodak was commercialized and film speeded up, an increase of opportunism diluted the frozen, fixed and monumental attitude.

This becomes evident in *Masters of Modern Photography*, edited by Beaumont and Nancy Newhall, keepers of the world's best photographic museum, George Eastman House, in Rochester, New York. By this time we should know who the Old Masters are, because the same plates from a dozen pioneers always turn up at the start of every survey. It's harder to nominate a Modern Master, or rather, to make the appellation stick. Is Erich Salomon a master? Will there be monographs in the future dedicated to Bachrach or Pirie MacDonald? Will there be doctorates in photographic history? If not, why not? Isn't photography a social science? If so, is that science? Now that the camera has canonized itself by acquiring documentation, there is the increasing elevation into Grand Old Manship of a roster of practitioners whose work provides historic shrines along the road. Many of their "great" pictures, on an individual rather than a historic selection, are not better than many "amateur" views of the same era. The Newhalls reproduce some Stieglitz plates, none well, which if unsigned would never be given houseroom (72, 73, 75).

The qualitative distinction between the Old Master and the New Master is sharply divided between those who were first curious about the camera and interested in fixing a chosen subject through it, and those who, having seen photography exhausted as mere representation, tried to compete independently with aesthetics borrowed from modern painting. The New Masters attempted to make claims for the core of "art" in photography (as if it ever lacked it from its outset), by prizing sharp or blurred focus on texture—bark, skin, sand, stone — for its own sake; by seeking linear design or arresting abstract composition. It is not that many photographs are not "better" than many paintings. Some may well be. Rather, the limit of the imaginative use of the camera is different in kind from the limitation or adaptability of painting.

Another confusion in judging photographs as art-objects, whether the subject is a city or a human face, arises from the choice between the posed and candid portrait. Power in the photograph is often the slice of a chosen, stolen or captured moment; the more "real" the strength in the instant of capture, the more the shot tends away from the monumental, toward the anecdotal. We mistrust anecdote in art, yet in photography the power of anecdote is usually more intense and memorable—hence lasting—than the purely plastic or pictorial appeal of most photographic still-lifes, seascapes or landscapes, which are not hard to frame and hang up, but which somehow don't stay hung up, long. When the camera goes in for abstract art, as a graphic medium, like lithography, it can be perfectly satisfactory, except that there is always the tinge of trick about it. Why worry the camera when you can have more personal freedom in brush or pen?

A SENSE of strain is evident in the annuals. *U. S. Camera 1959* starts off with a word from Tom Maloney, the editor: "The margin of difference between one annual and another, after more than two decades of editing can't be such that each year's pebble of publication is a boulder as compared to that of the year past. . . ." There is a re-cap of Steichen's fine Museum of Modern Art show, "Seventy Photographers Look at New York. More than half of these reproductions are defaced by huge blowups of typewritten poetic tags, in all of which there is less poetry than in the pictures. There are color plates by well-known photographers, none as fresh as their black-and-whites. If you leaf through the last ten annuals, European and American, there comes a tired feeling in the eyes; you've seen it all before, birds, babies, cats, blurred wheels.

There is also a section on rockets. Certainly the greatest service of the camera is scientific; of this we see little except for a few shots selected for their accidental decorative or sensational appeal. A similar, if less methodical, business is workaday pictorial journalism. Accumulation and future arrangement of files will be as rewarding as their editors make them. Captions attached to pictures are frequently more impressive than the photographs themselves. The images, by themselves, are rarely radiant with meaning. During the wars, *Life* printed double-page spreads blazoned: "This great picture of (St. Lo, Monte Cassino, Panmunjon. . . .)" but all one sees on the 14 x 20 inch open page is an arrangement of magnified blurs and smudges, intelligible only when translated into mortar-fire and the knowledge that the man who shot this picture was in danger of being shot by one of these smudges. Its survival as a document is dubious, partly because most instantaneous battle scenes look alike and we tend to forget the names of battles one week old. Matthew Brady remains the patron saint of war photographers because he had a method which excluded the possibility of speed or action. Crisis was excluded; stasis was enforced and his description of it lasted; the worst part of war has always been the before and after.

SO much of the value in photographic journalism is accumulation of series, their arrangement and presentation. Many images of a related subject finally add up to some simulacrum of completeness; when the lens moves all over an area an object is erected—not a very tangible object, we can't really touch it, but we can see all around it, sometimes even inside it, as in a massive volume about New York, *Once Upon a City*: New York from 1890 to 1910. This is an album by the Byron family, very well edited by Grace Mayer, Curator of Prints at the Museum of the City of New York. The text is independently valuable, a rare quality in such a book, but the reproductions which aspire to the original sepia are drearily browned down, with most of the contrasts wiped out. The pictures themselves have none

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of the pictorial value of Atget or Berenice Abbott; they are straightforward commercial work with the frank actuality of no selection whatever. The virtue in old photographs is in their indiscriminate precision; rob them of sharpness by offset poorly printed and they aren't worth much. This book would have lost little by having half as many plates reproduced twice as well.

THE one indispensable qualification of a Master of Photography is to have seen something—first. There have been enough one-man shows of the masters to have whole schools bred in each image. Sometimes individual prints are just as good as or better than the models. The only lasting criterion of value is the extent of its lasting in memory; a good photograph is one you remember. Photographs you remember are frequently the first ones you saw that took something in a new way. Murder and disaster are less memorable than people and faces; still-lifes and nature-studies are hard to remember, as one can recall other examples of graphic art—a caprice of Goya, a field by Rembrandt. And yet the justification for photography as an unlimited field for the imagination, where history is pinned and where no craft dilutes the unmistakable, unaltering freeze of a focused and symbolic fact, exists for our day in almost any photograph, whether single or serial, by Cartier-Bresson, Walker Evans, or Eugene Smith.

LETTER from SALZBURG

Gerald Sykes

IF AN American wanted to get a quick, admittedly restricted, but pretty reliable impression of recent cultural developments in Europe, he could do a lot worse than come here. The excellent and much-needed Salzburg Seminar in American Studies continues to provide the most enlightening full-scale intellectual collision that I know of between the Old World and the New. To its handsome rococco Schloss Leopoldskron, built in the 18th century by a Protestant-persecuting archbishop and in our time occupied successively by Max Reinhardt and the Nazi Gauleiter, have come forty-eight "fellows" from fourteen European countries — Finland, Norwav, Sweden, Denmark, Great Britain, Ireland, France, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Italy and Yugoslavia. This session lasts four weeks and has for its subject Literature and Mass Media. The last session was on American Foreign Policy, the next will be on Labor and Industry in the U.S.A.

Each day the fellows debate the merits of Henry James and Jack Kerouac, Eugene O'Neill and William Inge, D. W. Griffith and Elia Kazan, William Randolph Hearst and Henry Luce. The fellows' average age is thirty; a few of them are about to take doctorates; most of them are already embarked on careers in teaching, journalism, advertising, law, science, or television. At this moment I can hear a girl from Berlin typing a thesis on Ralph Ellison. A London circulation manager is humming "Tom Dooley." Some others have just left to examine the archaeological finds at Hallstatt. Still others are examining their skis. They will go to Berchtesgaden on Sunday.

My strongest impression is that the so-called Americanization of Europe — really, its technicization — has proceeded even faster than expected, and has now entered an unanticipated phase. It is breeding what might be called a new kind of isolationism. These people are remarkably hep to certain facts of American life. They know all about our Negro problem, our conformity problem, our Madison Avenue problem. They have, in fact, on the whole become familiar with our difficulties with lightning speed—and then congratulated themselves on their own blessed immunity: an overseas twist to the "It Can't Happen Here" myth.

Yesterday when the seminar I conduct discussed William Faulkner's long story, *The Bear*, everyone agreed that Faulkner was in a way expiating the sins of his slave-owning forebears and, like so many other writers, was a kind of "guilt-bearer." Then, since European parallels are helpful in this kind of teaching, I asked if there could be similar guilt-bearers in other lands.

At first no parallels were seen. Upon questioning, however, the British contingent conceded that E. M. Forster had performed a similar task for Britain when he wrote *A Passage to India*. The French group needed more pressure, but finally admitted that Albert Camus and

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François Mauriac had done pretty much the same thing for French guilt in North Africa. The Italians, however, could not even remember Ethiopia, and the Germans announced complacently: "We don't have any colonies."

"What about the Jews?" I asked.

Only then did the Germans — all of whom were children or adolescents when World War II ended — recognize what was obviously one of the major guilts of our day. There was also a momentary understanding, *perhaps*, of Faulkner's heroic burden and its international relevance. The names of two young German writers and one theatre man were mentioned; they were dealing in their arts with the plight of the Jews under Hitler. It was also recalled, after a question or two, that the play made from *The Diary of Anne Frank* had had a great success in Germany.

It is not always so easy to get these Europeans to realize, however briefly, their identity with us. They are prosperous, and although a few shared problems disturb some of them — the Germans are certainly worrying about Berlin at the moment — they prefer to believe that we Americans suffer from outlandish ailments that will never trouble them. (We return the compliment: witness the moralizing tone of our foreign policy and of most of our tourists.) Their new isolationism makes Europeans howl at the clumsiness of our Victorian melodrama, smile at our TV appetites, and read our best writers chiefly as reportage. Above all it makes them snicker at our interest in modern psychology, which you would never guess had originated in Europe and not far from here.

SOMETIMES I wonder if the Marshall Plan has sown a continent of passive and entertainment-hungry middlebrows. These people prefer Graham Greene to Kafka, Evelyn Waugh to Joyce; know almost nothing about new painting, new music, new poetry, new architecture; and they have degrees from the very oldest universities to back up their Book-of-the-Month-Club tastes. When I compare their questions with those I get from classes at the New School in New York, I am convinced that Americans of comparable age and talent are forced by our greater tensions to live on a much deeper level.

In extenuation it must be pointed out that these Europeans have been exposed more recently than we to the full lure of the mass media. They have not yet had time to develop the anti-bodies that a minority of Americans seem to develop after the lively arts have had a chance to amuse them and have failed. Also, one should hesitate to draw hard-and-fast conclusions from a sample of this size. This particular group contains almost none of the advance-guard leaven that, when I was here four years ago, made another group more exciting to work with. But the chief fact about them is inescapable: a new conformism is at work here, quite as much as it is at home, and it is aided materially by the new film, radio, TV and advertising jobs that have been added to traditional school and university jobs. Also, this new conformism is more insidious because it is well-bred, well-educated, multi-lingual, and quite sure it does not exist.

I must add, however, that four years ago one fellow from France kept a pistol under his pillow and distressed his roommates by singing the "Horst Wessel" song every morning. Another, from Germany, got drunk one night and told us that Germany was only using the United States for the moment and would some day rise again in full Wotanic wrath. There have been no such incidents this time — and no tendencies at all in that direction. I get an impression of a much soberer Europe, now reconciled lucratively to Coca-colonization but not yet aware of the aftertaste. The old humanities are in flight, and a conscious resistance to mechanization of the mind has still to organize new ones. We are now in a sense the oldest nation on earth, and have something to say to our juniors.

Morning Song

On the axis of my sleep
The world wheeled. Then dead noon
Could flame Rome and Asia:
My dark was deeper dawn.

If the alarm in night's wake
Curved westward, my caught eye
Looked up to kill the clock,
To quiet the crying day.

Those leaping omens, birds,
I silenced in their trees,
And held the million wheels
Locked in the dumb cities.

It was the only hour.
The still concentric spheres,
White magic, cool crystal,
Danced with the early stars.

The damned themselves I saved.
The nothing of my dream
Sluiced neatly, bright as hell,
The shadiest cess of time.

Charmed, still that minute moved:
The stumbling sun came in
And broke both sky and pit.
The glass looked, bare as stone.

There is not one who sees.
My notebook, calendar,
My idiot suits and ties,
Burned in the empty air.

Then ships' and wings' shadows
On their great circles hung
Still while the tired sirens
Turned, ticking the same song.

Schooled, yawning like a dog,
My demon rose in wrath,
Slouched growling through the door
And stretched himself to death.

THOMAS VANCE

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

ALBAN BERG'S *Wozzek*, one of the few operatic masterpieces written in our century, has finally joined the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera. The work is now thirty-eight years old. Its type of language, partly atonal, has been a fact of musical life for so many years and has been exceeded in "modernism" by so many stylistic and technical innovations, that it no longer puts much of a strain on any but fairly conservative ears. Indeed, it was gratifying to note that, contrary to some predictions, *Wozzek* did not frighten people away from the Metropolitan Opera box office. Instead, it has been playing to consistently sold-out houses. At one performance, I am informed, the applause was laced with boos, but on the evening I attended there was not the slightest suggestion of anything other than total audience approval. Karl Boehm, the conductor, was accorded such fervent bravos that one would have thought either that he had composed the opera himself or was tranlating it from Sanskrit. As a matter of fact, he did a fine job. And the work *is* difficult.

The Georg Büchner play from which Berg made a libretto for *Wozzek* was written in the early nineteenth century. But only a twentieth-century composer could have turned it into an opera. Before our time, musical tools with which to explore non-heroic human dissolution and morbidity, and the pathos-rife interior of sordidness, did not exist. Only an introverted, hyper-intense language

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employed by an inordinately refined musician could have succeeded. And Berg, among the composers of his period, was the only one so thoroughly imbued with spiritual elegance that he could elevate these areas of experience to the level of art. In a way, he had to be a social-diagnostician, nerve-specialist, psychiatrist and humanist, all rolled into one.

For *Wozzek* is a socio-psychiatric document. The poor soldier whose tragic story it tells (Wozzek) is the impoverished, ignorant, superstitious cog-in-the-wheel, misused by every force in his society. He bears a frightening resemblance to mass-man in his helplessness, suggestibility and potential for turning violent under stress. As the opera opens, Wozzek is shaving his captain, a neurotic character, who lectures his underling without cease. "Easy, Wozzek, easy! Do take your time, man! You make me quite giddy. . . . Make up your mind, Wozzek! . . . you *think* too much . . . your face always looks so harassed . . . you have no moral sense. . . . Run away, and yet do not run. Go quite slowly the length of the highway, and keep to the middle; and once more, do go slowly, quite slowly." Wozzek, in his only extended speech of this scene, reveals one source of his harassment. "Poor folk like us need money . . . look, sir, . . . always money. Let one of us try to bring his own kind into the world in a good moral way. . . . It must be fine indeed to be virtuous, indeed, sir . . . and yet . . . I am a simple soul. Folk like us always are unfortunate. I think that if we should go to heaven, then we shall be thundermakers."

IN the sequence of terse scenes which follow (there are fifteen in all), Wozzek reveals a terror of the supernatural verging on madness and his love for his mistress, Marie, who has borne him a son. He is used and abused by a doctor, who satisfies his cold, scientific curiosity by experimenting on the soldier, who earns a few extra pennies as a guinea pig. A strutting drum-major cuckolds him, then subjects him to a barracks beating. The doctor and the captain taunt him with his mistress' infidelity. And, finally breaking, Wozzek takes Marie for a walk on a forest path, by a pool, and murders her. In a feverish attempt to hide his guilt, he throws the knife into the pool, and wades in himself, to wash the blood away. He drowns. The final scene of the opera shows his and Marie's little child alone on stage, riding his hobby horse, and piping in a heartbreaking, childish voice, "Hopp, hopp! Hopp, hopp!"

Berg employed extremely complex methods in composing *Wozzek*. The twelve-tone system, which was his basic technique, is naturally complicated. But not only did Berg deal with the minute intricacies of serial, contrapuntal writing; he supported the opera with another, broader level of organization by casting whole sections of it in old, established forms drawn from the realm of non-operatic music. Thus, the first act contains a suite, a rhapsody, a military march, a passacaglia. The second embraces an entire symphony in five movements. And the fascinating outcome of all this complexity, as Berg himself said, is that "from the moment the curtain parts until it closes for the last time, there is no one in the audience who pays any attention to the various fugues, inventions, suites, sonata movements, variations and passacaglias . . . no one who heeds anything but the social problems of this opera, which by far transcend the personal destiny of Wozzek." The vocal style, which contains a great deal of intoned declamation, as opposed to bel-canto song, lends the work an air of intense stylization.

THE production by the Metropolitan Opera was splendid. It was also interestingly slanted toward present-day American audiences. The libretto was sung in English. The intoned-declamation, here and there, was flattened out into actual speech (I assume, intentionally), so that the over-all vocal texture gave up some of its stylization and took on passing shades of the contemporary, spoken theatre. If one were to be a purist about it, this aspect of the performance might be criticized. But, though the outright speech de-intensified the voice part from time to time, it also added an air of naturalness which was not out of key with other facets of the production. The sets by Casper Neher, for instance, did not aim for the final twists of sordidness or weirdness, as they might justifiably have done. I question, anyway, whether *Wozzek* needs to be approached only and always as an allegory of bizarreness and insanity. After all, Berg emphasized the "social problems" in his opera. Since he couched his drama in expressionist terms, a certain amount of weirdness and hyper-intensity was bound to result. But social problems are anything but weird, and they are intrinsic to the story, too.

On the night I heard *Wozzek*, Brenda Lewis, Hermann Uhde, Paul Franke, Karl Doench and Kurt Baum sang the leading roles. It was Miss Lewis' first performance of the role of Marie and, as is her wont, she did a beautiful stint

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of acting and a fine job of singing. It was a surprise and a disappointment, however, that so few of her words were understandable. Karl Doench's English was also quite impenetrable. But the other members of the cast had apparently worked harder at their phonetics lessons, and their words came properly across footlights. Hermann Uhde, as Wozzek, created one of the most touching figures I have ever seen and heard on the operatic stage. A big, gauche, eager-hearted, forlorn fellow he was, and one's heart went out to him even when he murdered. Karl Boehm's direction of the orchestra was deft and cultivated. The sound he produced was more blurred and soft-surfaced than it might have been. But, if his reading did not possess the degree of clarity which the score is capable of transmitting, it did carry the full affectual weight.

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ART

Maurice Grosser

FORTY-SEVEN pictures selected from the private collections of members of the Rockefeller family are on display at Knoedler's until April 25 as a benefit for the National Urban League. The separate collections from which these pictures are drawn differ considerably among themselves, I am told, in size, character and quality. That of Nelson Rockefeller is the largest and most important and is said to consist principally of modern and contemporary works. That of John D. Rockefeller, 3rd is also principally contemporary, partly abstract and partly detailed realism. David Rockefeller's is largely Impressionist and Post-Impressionist. That of Madame Jean Mauzé (née Rockefeller) is French and not large. The Laurance Rockefeller and the Winthrop Rockefeller collections apparently have no specialty.

The quality of the works on view is surprisingly uneven. Eight of the nine pieces sent by Nelson Rockefeller are standard works in the official modern style, contemporary abstract expressionism being represented by large works by Millares, Okada and Kline, while the more established values are shown by two of Picasso's women figures in his later manner, bright, poster-like and cheerful, by a very fine collage of Juan Gris, by Klee's delightful *Jester,* and by Léger's insensitive and over-scaled *Woman with a Book,* as implacably modern, unsympathetic and inescapable as a head-on locomotive.

John D. Rockefeller, 3rd marks his interest in the contemporary abstract movement with a charming small Pollock dripping, with a fine bird by Morris Graves in the Japanese ink-drawing style and with an exceptionally dull Rothko. His affection for detailed realism is shown in a labored and inferior Andrew Wyeth of a fat country woman with a cat, a Roman architectural fantasy by Bernard Perlen and a meticulous, photographic and disorganized rendering by Charles Sheeler of a Colonial kitchen corner from—no doubt by coincidence—Williamsburg.

The David Rockefeller collection has sent more impressive names—a Cézanne, a Gauguin, a Matisse, a Redon and a Signac. The Matisse, a still life of 1915, is a handsome example. The Cézanne, a portrait of his son in a red vest, is a more important picture, perhaps the most important picture of the show. It is, nonetheless, of all of the four pictures Cézanne painted on this particular subject, unquestionably the weakest. The Redon is large, pink and undistinguished. The Signac has as its most striking quality that it could be mistaken for a Seurat. And the *Portrait of Meyer de Haan* is easily the least successful of all the well-known Gauguins.

The Mauzé collection has flowers by Fantin-Latour, a charming Pascin of a child and cat, a standard eighteenth-century portrait by Nattier, smooth but unremarkable, and an absurd genre piece in the 1880 manner, of a village curé in his kitchen garden giving fatherly advice to a young lady, by Jean Georges Vibert, better known for his carousing cardinals—all works more appropriate as decorations for a French style residence than as items in an important picture collection.

Winthrop Rockefeller has contributed an exceptionally fine Matisse drawing, a quite wonderful seventeenth-century Dutch formal flower piece by Rachel Ruysch, a nondescript example of Haitian primitivism by Tabois, and an unbelievably hard, dry, mannered and incompetent portrait by Jules Kirschenbaum of Anne Rockefeller.

Laurance Rockefeller, along with some inconsequential and inferior charm pieces such as a modern African primitive and a decorative panel of the Central Park Zoo by Charles (not Maurice) Prendergast, has loaned three first-class works—a delightful early Gainsborough head of a little girl, a remarkably fine Fauve landscape by Vlaminck and a *Femme aux Affiches* by Forain, the best painting of his I have ever seen and easily as good as Manet.

The show on the whole is disappointing. Of the works displayed, only eight or ten have museum quality. The rest are either second-string examples by famous names, or works by second category painters, or inferior pieces acquired for personal or sentimental reasons. One would have expected better of this richest of families, with so highly publicized a relation to the arts. The catalogue to the exhibition suggests that "Although they [the pictures] offer only a glimpse of extensive treasures in the various Rockefeller homes, they show how beauty is a part of these well-rounded lives." To this observer, on the contrary, the pictures seem to demonstrate how casual is the Rockefeller interest in art. Here is none of that conviction, that acute discrimination and passionate love and understanding of paint and painting, which animates the Mellon, the Dale, the French, the Cone, the Arensberg, the Phillips, the Gardner, the Havemeyer, or even the Morgan collection.

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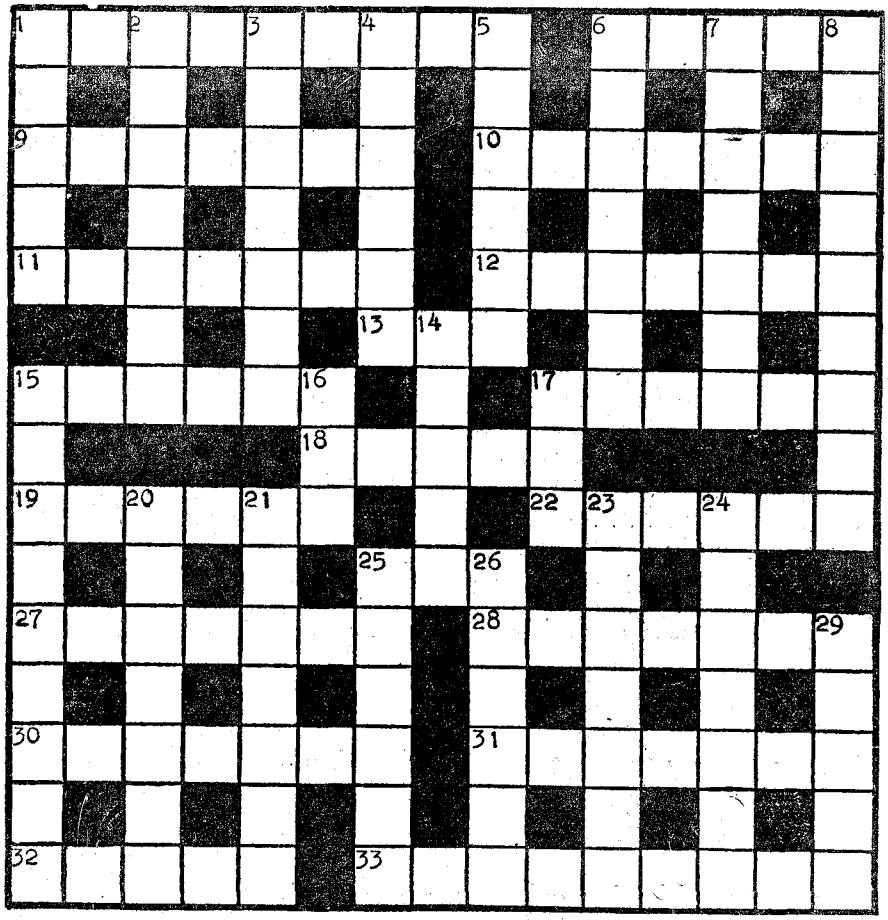
Crossword Puzzle No. 816

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Shuttles, perhaps, if not in the pit. (9)
6 Make a little quick profit from the trophy. (5)
9 The strife of the madding crowd. (7)
10 From this one might make dye, but I don't guarantee an instance of it. (7)
11 Ham and yeggs might be. (7)
12 Look at what a rattler might do! It edges the lid! (7)
13 See 1 down
15 The things a host might do! (You're reasonably high-handed if you have them.) (6)
17 Strain the ictus, for example. (6)
18 It might be pleasant to hear in one country, but our occupation troops might have heard it as a gentle hint! (6)
19 Decently doubled in "Guys and Dols." (6)
22 Customs seem rather prudent in you and me! (6)
25 See 17 down
27 Help returns in proportion of spread. (7)
28 All of the bird and most of the insect become ambitious to rival. (7)
30 Was Samson like some windows? (7)
31 Check poetry in Old English? (7)
32 One might find the upper regions of space there! (5)
33 Only a cad goes to the bar for port! (9)

DOWN:

1 and 13 across Such activities certainly don't suggest the prodigal type! (6,2)
2 See 15 down
3 Proving a dessert might stick to the last! (7)
4 Sometimes professed by an Indian, to a degree. (6)
5. Does the grass-covered retreat become saturated? (6)
6 Liable to be the principal theme. (7)
7 Hail and thunder are the usual thing! (7)
8 Cosy ships, but implying a certain amount of unsoundness. (9)
14 The sort of following Mary had. (5)
15 and 2 What Brutus received from Antony? (9,7)
16 State of us a year ago? (3)
17 and 25 across Turned, perhaps, to coin and color. (6)
20 Like a motherless 33? (Or just food fit for him?) (7)
21 Hero associated with this and the middle of a gaze askance. (7)
23 It might be good fun (but not good strategy) to do it to your partner. (7)
24 Skipped a few details with this going over. (7)
25 Did Bacon imply a heavy one should be a full man? (6)
26 Put something together in time for Christmas and Hallowe'en (6)
29 Do engineers have to keep ahead of it, without regards for space? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 815

ACROSS: 1 and down The Rose Tattoo; 5 and 14 Helen of Troy; 9 Trident; 10 and 25 Penguin Island; 11 Overt; 12 Animation; 15 Epicure; 18 Air; 20 Sad; 21 Dresses; 23 Buck; 26 Parchment; 28 Bouts; 29 Insular; 30 Latakia; 31 Gossoon; 32 Rose Red. DOWN: 2 Elides; 3 Overtures; 4 Estuary; 5 Hoplite; 6 Linda; 7 Nautilus; 8 Financed; 13 Fir; 16 Incubates; 17 Rap; 18 Adopting; 19 Reprises; 22 Swear in; 23 Battler; 27 and 24 Hello Sucker!

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Crash of Silence

> Renewal of Selective Service is such a routine event [in Congress] that many of the nation's newspapers fail to give it coverage. Of course, no newspaper has, to our knowledge, editorialized against the Draft. . . .
>
> We are elated to see *The Nation* . . . break the silence by coming out last week* against a continuation of the Draft. We take this opportunity to become the second publication in the country to speak against [its] perpetuation.
>
> — *The Square Journal,* New York University

And *we* take *this* opportunity to salute *The Square Journal,* which is published a stone's throw from *The Nation* offices. It is pleasant to have such agreeable neighbors.

All those who, like our neighboring colleagues, are deafened by the crash of silence on vital issues to be found in most mass media, would do well to read *The Nation.*

*"Silence on Selective Service," *The Nation,* February 7, page 109.

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